

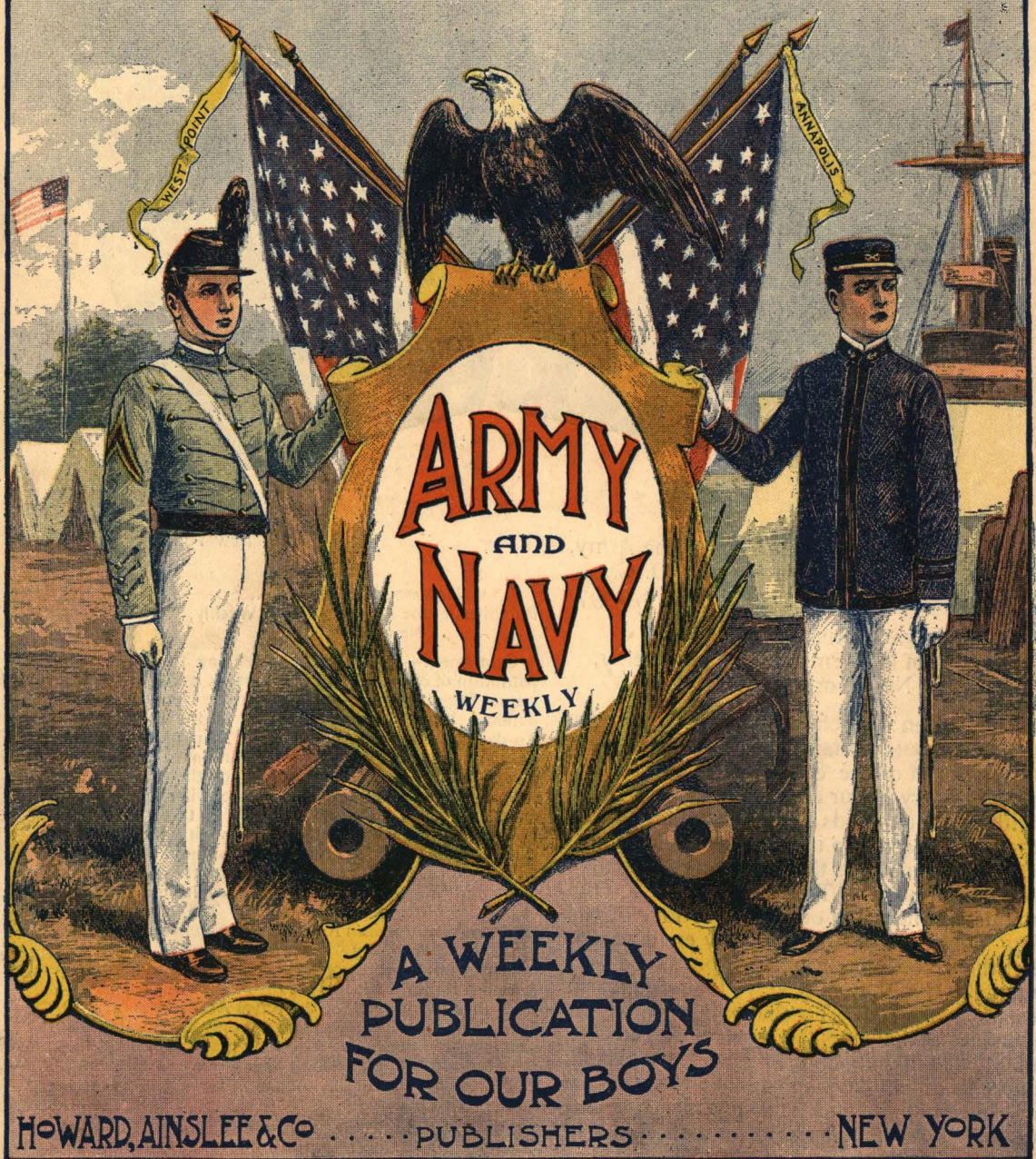
# Good News

has combined with this publication. The continuation of Good News serials will be found in this number. ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀

**Special Announcement! This Number Contains**  
**MARK MALLORY AT WEST POINT.**

By Lieut. Frederick Garrison, U. S. A.

**CLIFFORD FARADAY'S AMBITION.** A Tale of a Naval Sham Battle.  
By Ensign Clarke Fitch, U. S. N.



Vol. 1, No. 1  
June 19, 1897

48 Pages

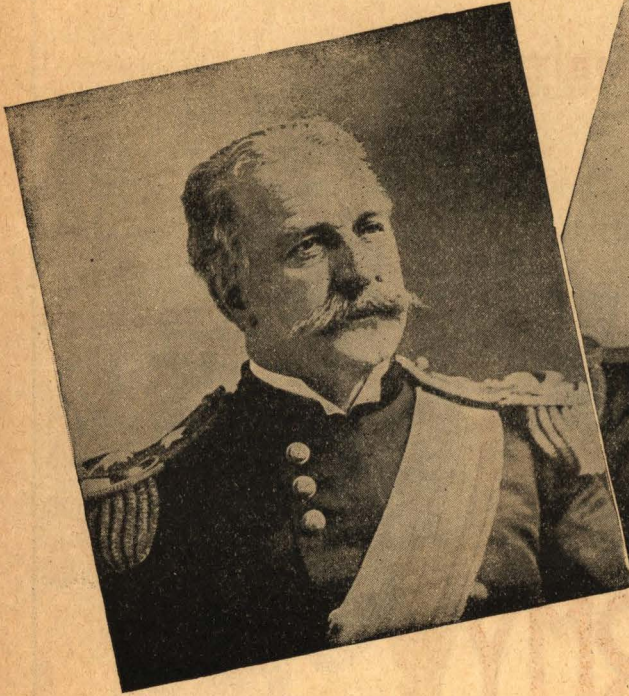
5 CENTS

Issued Weekly.

Subscription Price, \$2.50 per year.



# TWO DISTINGUISHED FRIENDS OF THE ARMY AND NAVY WEEKLY



Headquarters of the Army,  
Washington, D. C.,  
April 6, 1897.

HOWARD, AINSLEE & Co.,  
Publishers of the Army and Navy Weekly,  
New York City.

Gentlemen:—Such a publication as you propose would certainly be of much benefit to the youth of the country. A knowledge of the history of our country which is replete with glorious deeds of brave and patriotic men would serve to inspire them with a love of country and give them examples that they should emulate. The inculcation in the minds and hearts of our youth of love of the flag ought to be in every way encouraged. Let them become strong men physically and mentally that they may serve their country in the hour of need. To that end I would encourage athletic sports carried on with a manly and magnanimous spirit. Let our boys strive to do all they can to make the name of an American citizen a still prouder title and to be one of the best and most respected.

I am, with best wishes for your success,

*W. H. Wiles*  
Major General, U. S. Army.

New York City,  
April 20, 1897.

HOWARD, AINSLEE & Co.,  
Publishers of the Army and Navy Weekly,  
New York City.

Gentlemen:—Any publication tending to increase the patriotism of our youth is necessarily a good one. We cannot have too much love of country. Upon that foundation is based the very existence of the government. To-day, as in all times, the evidence of patriotism is not only in fighting for one's country, but in upholding the law of the land. During the revolution the farmer seized his musket and went to the front; the sailor left his ship and took arms in the naval service. In these times our boys enter the government academies with the expectation that some day they may be called upon to fight for the Republic. The two branches of the service—the Army and Navy—are distinct, but they have a common cause—the defence of the Union. The commissioned officers of the American Navy are taken from the graduates of the Naval Academy. They enter there as boys fresh from home, are taught rigorously and trained with unsparing discipline for six years, and are then commissioned as ensigns in active service. The Naval Academy is a great institution, and a lad gains there not only an education fitting him for the naval service but for practical business life, with the addition of manliness and a sense of obedience. The life is simple, and the location of the school an excellent one for the purpose.

I wish you success in your new venture.

*Samuel S. Howard*  
President  
M. E. N.



# Army and Navy Weekly

A WEEKLY PUBLICATION FOR OUR BOYS.

*Issued weekly. By subscription, \$2.50 per year. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York Post Office  
HOWARD, AINSLEE & CO., New York.*

Editor, - - - ARTHUR SEWALL.

June 19, 1897.

Vol. I. No. 1.

Price, Five Cents.

## CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER:

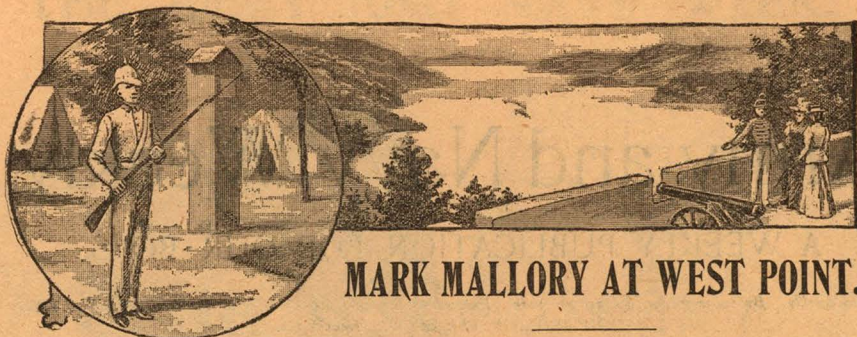
	PAGE.
Mark Mallory at West Point (Complete story), Lieut. Frederick Garrison, U. S. A. . . . .	2
Clifford Farraday's Ambition (Complete story), Ensign Clarke Fitch, U. S. N. . . . .	16
Boys in the Forecastle (Serial), George H. Coomer . . . . .	31
Gilbert the Trapper (Serial), Capt. C. B. Ashley . . . . .	28
How He Won (Serial), Brooks McCormick . . . . .	35
The \$500 Check (Serial), Horatio Alger . . . . .	41
The Annapolis Naval Academy (Special Article), Lieut. Wallace Jones, U. S. N. . . . .	44
In the First Watch (Short story), Naval Cadet Ogden Payne, U. S. N. . . . .	45
Editorial Chat, . . . . .	Department 46
Correspondence Column, . . . . .	Department 47
Major-General Nelson A. Miles, U. S. A., . . . . .	Portrait and Letter
Rear-Admiral Bancroft Gherardi, (Retired) U. S. N., . . . . .	Portrait and Letter

## IMPORTANT !



WE CALL the special attention of our readers to the portraits and letters of two very distinguished friends of the ARMY AND NAVY WEEKLY, published upon the opposite page. Major-General Nelson A. Miles, U. S. A., now in command of the United States Army, and Rear-Admiral Bancroft Gherardi, U. S. N., recently retired from active service, unite in praising the ARMY AND NAVY WEEKLY and incidentally give the patriotic youth of America sound and valuable advice. We heartily commend their letters to your consideration.





## MARK MALLORY AT WEST POINT.

By Lieut. Frederick Garrison, U. S. A.

### CHAPTER I.

#### A MIDNIGHT PROWLER.

Rat-tat! rat-tat! rat-tat!

"Oh, bother! There's tattoo, and it means bed. Confound it, I wish we weren't piled off like children at half-past nine on a summer's night!"

"You old grumbler," laughed the speaker's companion. "You kick the same way when they wake you up at dawn to see the best part of the day."

"I don't think it is the best part of the day. I'd rather do my seeing for two hours more right now, and then make up for it in the morning."

"Go tell that to the superintendent," laughed the other, "or to the marines."

"Well, I mean it all the same."

And Wicks Merritt brought his heels down to the ground with an angry bang.

He and his companion, Harry Graham, cadets in their second year at West Point, had been lying beneath a tree upon the edge of the camp; Harry with his feet braced against the trunk, and Wicks less inverted, but equally comfortable. From across the broad parade ground which stretched out before them, had come, in the stillness of the August evening, a faint echo of the strains of a guitar and the two had been listening to the sound, when the rude rattle of the drum had drowned it, and caused Wick's disgusted exclamation.

They arose from their places, Wicks still grumbling. He shook his fist in mock rage at the innocent cause of the trouble, a meek little "music" who stood by the quartermaster's tent and sounded his warning through the camp, and then turned and followed his companions to their tent.

"Say, Harry," he growled, as they entered, "let's dodge camp."

"Oh, bother you! We've been doing that too much as it is. Now you just get into the habit of running into town, and some fine day you'll get caught. That means dismissal."

"I won't get caught then."

"That's what many a fox has said, fooling round a trap."

"You needn't begin to preach at me, because you're up to it just as much as I. I'm sick of being put to bed at this hour, and I'm going. Come with me."



"Don't I always go with you, you chump? Come ahead."

"It didn't take you very long to change your mind," laughed Wicks. "I guess because there's not much to change. But it isn't your fault. Let's get ready."

Getting ready consisted in getting into bed and putting out the lights, and waiting for the camp to quiet down sufficiently. Meanwhile let us go outside for a look about the place.

West Point! The training school of the various heroes, the Mecca toward which are turned the eyes of every boy who longs to become a hero of the future.

The spot needs to be described in detail. It is situated on the West bank of the Hudson, some fifty miles above New York. A steep bluff, difficult of ascent, rises from the bank; at its foot runs the West Shore road; and up above, upon a level plain, are the academy grounds. Toward the south are the barracks, and numerous other buildings; north from them stretches a vast parade ground, and still further on, and near the river bank, one comes upon the summer camping ground of the corps. Here are the tents, arranged in four parallel rows, "Company Streets."

It is into one of these tents, one on an inside row, that our two friends have disappeared. Disappeared, but only for a time.

Roll call and tattoo have passed some half hour ago. The sentinels had begun their weary march about the spot; the last signal "lights out," had been given, and the camp had sunk into the slumbers of the night. There was a movement then in one of the tents, that belonging to the two scamps whose plan had been told. A flap was pushed carefully aside, and a head protruded. After a cautious glance about, came a muttered exclamation.

"The coast is clear!"

The head was followed by a body which dodged quickly around and hid between the tents. It was Wicks Merritt; a moment later his companion followed him and the two crouched behind the shelter and waited.

Then came a grinding tread down the street and past their tent—a tread which made them hug the ground in sudden alarm.

"It's an officer," whispered Harry.

The footsteps died away in the distance and silence came again.

"I bet that's old Scad wandering about!" exclaimed Wicks. "Heavens, I hope he don't run over us! I wonder how late it is."

As if in answer to his question came the sentinel's call:

"Half-past ten and all's well!"

"Come on," whispered Wicks, "and say," he added, "we'll have to be extra careful to-night. Sentry Number Five——"

"It's a plebe!"

"No, sir, it's Hopkins, in our own class. And he's got eyes like a cat."

The two made their way along cautiously, dodging and crouching, favored by the darkness of the night. They passed the last tent in the street; and then lying flat, with their ears to the ground, they waited and listened for the sentry's tread.

"Hang it!" muttered Wicks, "it's so dark I can't tell where he is at all."

"He's somewhere out in that direction," responded the other, pointing, "for I see the tents behind us."

"Well, come on; if we can't see him, he can't see us."

The two crept forward again, feeling their way ahead, step by



step through the pitchy darkness. How far they went they could not tell, for by this time they were well confused.

They had progressed but a short way more, before they met with something which caused their hearts to leap in sudden alarm. There was a creaking of a twig, and a moment later a figure loomed up right at their sides. Both the cadets sprang back; and then as the situation occurred to them clearly, they saw that they were gone.

"Jig's up," said Wicks, boldly and aloud, "it's the sentry."

His companion, seized with faint hope, though he was not three feet from the figure, wheeled and started to run. Wicks, determined to make at least a desperate effort, turned to follow. But both were brought to a stop a moment later, as clear and loud rang out the order:

"Halt!"

"We're out of the academy for good," groaned Harry, as he turned and awaited the sentry's approach.

The figure, dim and indistinct in the darkness, came up with a slow and measured tread, the two captives waiting impatiently and anxiously. Nearer and nearer he drew, without uttering another sound, and without once varying his dignified gait, until he was within touch of the two boys. And then suddenly through a break in the clouds the moon peered out and lit up the curious scene. The effect was magical; the two leaped back in surprise and alarm.

"Why, it's not the sentry at all!" cried Wicks.

"Not the sentry!" echoed Harry.

A load was lifted from their minds, and yet they knew not whether to be glad or alarmed at the strange apparition which confronted them. Wicks took one hasty glance about the spot.

"We're way off from camp!" he cried. "We're safe!"

And then eager with curiosity and alarm, he leaned forward and peered into the face of the strange night vision.

It was indeed an apparition to startle one. Before them stood a boy of about seventeen, tall and handsome, and with a smile upon his face as he eyed the two frightened cadets. Frightened and no wonder! For the face of the strange prowler who had caused them all their alarm; who had tricked them into waiting for his approach, and who stared at them, now out of the darkness; his face was covered with blood!

---

## CHAPTER II.

MARK MALLORY.

The two cadets gazed at the strange figure in surprise and alarm. It was several moments before either could muster courage to break the creepy silence, and meanwhile the young man stood motionless, with the same light smile playing about his mouth. The moonbeams through the scattered foliage of the trees above lighted up his figure and the red smear upon his face.

At last Wicks Merritt broke out into an exclamation of amazement. "Well, I'll be switched. I—er——"

He stopped abruptly, unable to find any word that would express his feelings.

The stranger laughed lightly.

"I wouldn't do that if I were you," he replied, in a clear cool voice.

The two cadets took courage at the sound.



The most uncanny circumstance about the whole affair had been the mysterious silence which the queer personage maintained; when he spoke it at least made him seem human, and besides there was something prepossessing in the pleasant tone.

"Who in thunder are you!" quered Harry, speaking more boldly and leaning forward to peer into the stranger's face.

"And what the deuce do you want?" added Wicks.

"If you really want answers," laughed the stranger, "I wish you'd put on the brake and just please tell me where I am."

"Where are you? This is West Point."

"West Point, and where is that?"

"Don't you know where West Point is? Great heavens! Where do you come from anyhow—Africa?"

"Denham's Gulch, Colorado, U. S. A., at your service."

"But it doesn't explain what you're doing here."

"I'm not doing anything very much. I was hunting for somebody to direct me somewheres."

"And what made you fool us that way?"

"Nothing, only I heard you say that I was a sentry, and I wanted you to come back and help me. So I called a halt, and you halted."

"I see," growled Wicks. "That was a very smart trick; but you might have gotten us in a thundering scrape."

"It wouldn't have been a much worse scrape than I got just now. My head feels loose yet."

"What's wrong with you?"

"Lots of things. It would take a whole bushel of doctors to find them all out."

"How did you get here?"

"I came down on the express."

"Not the night express?"

"Yes."

"You couldn't have."

"Why not?"

"It doesn't stop here."

"I know that very well. But I stopped."

"You don't mean you jumped?"

"Amounts to the same. I fell."

"Fell off the express!"

Both the cadets gazed on the stranger in amazement, and the exclamation escaped them in chorus.

"Great heavens!" added Wicks, "and why weren't you killed?"

"I'm not exactly sure that I'm not. I woke up in a ditch a while ago. When I saw you fellows, I thought I'd struck the vanguard of the ghosts. I see they're white trousers though. Why do you wear them?"

"These are our cadet uniforms," answered Harry with some dignity.

"Humph! Cadets! Where at?"

"At the Military Academy. Didn't you ever hear of that? Gee, you must be buried out where you live."

"They'd bury me to-night, I think, if they saw me. But it seems to me I have heard of West Point. My wits are pretty well rattled just now. Isn't this where you learn to be army officers?"

"Yes."

"And are you learning?"



"Exactly."

"It looks as if the first thing they had taught you was to run."

The two cadets colored.

"Anybody'd run from you," said Wicks; "you're a sight."

"I must be for a fact," said the stranger, passing his hand across his brow in a dazed sort of a way.

"My head feels rather uncertain," he added.

"You ought to be after your adventures. Tell us how it happened."

"I was standing out on the platform star gazing, and philosophizing upon the beauty of things in general. Then the car gave a lurch. I have a vague recollection of hitting a sand bank and then a ditch; at least, I think that was the order. I won't swear; I may have hit the ditch first and bounced up on to the sand bank. I can't be sure because I didn't take any notes. Anyhow, I wound up in the ditch eventually, more or less complicated and scattered about. When I woke up again I was still there. I heard some noises, drums and what not up on the hill, so I came up to find somebody. I found you. And that's all."

"It's enough," commented Wicks, "or it would be for most people. I don't know about you Westerners. What's your name?"

"Mark Mallory it used to be, as late as yesterday. But I lost consciousness, breath and blood:—I don't know whether I've kept my name or not."

"Come," said Harry; "I guess you'd better tell this to the doctor."

"That's what I was thinking. That's the reason I scared you to death playing sentry. Where is a doctor?"

"There is one at the post, but we can't take you to him."

"Why not?"

"We're out on French leave. If we took you in, there'd be questions asked, and then there'd have to be questions answered."

"I see. So you can't take me in. I guess I stay out then."

"Could you walk a mile?"

"Yes. I slid one in a ditch."

"Well, suppose we take you down to town then; there's a doctor there who'll plaster you up in style."

The two cadets placed themselves upon either side of their new acquaintance to help him along, and thus they made their way along the edge of the bluff, southward toward the village. With some difficulty they managed to keep out of sight of the parade ground and the open field until they reached the road which led down from the bluff to the railroad track and the river. Down this they turned.

"That's one of our ways of reaching town safely," exclaimed Harry. "We go down the track instead of keeping to the wagon road and having to pass a lot of officers and sentries, and lord knows what."

"I'm a little shy of railroads, to-night," laughed the stranger.

"It would be just your luck to be scooped up on the cow-catcher of another train and made all well again."

They beguiled the time with jokes and songs as they made their way down the track. Their new companion impressed the two as being a most pleasant sort of a chap indeed. He had a quiet, grim sort of humor which kept his conversation interesting.

"I should like to know him better," thought Wicks to himself.



Wicks did not know that while he and his companion were chaffing the Westerner, and while the latter was joining in their fun, he was gritting his teeth and struggling in pain. It was left to the doctor to discover that at the end of the journey.

### CHAPTER III.

#### MARK REVEALS A MYSTERY.

The village of Highland Falls, or Cranstons, is situated about a mile south of the Point. It may as well be said right here that the cadets of the Academy are not supposed to visit Highland Falls.

Cadets limits only include the government property, which stops about half way there. But then what the cadets do, and what they are supposed to do, may be imagined as differing somewhat. This was not the first time that Merritt and his chum had seen Cranstons; and there were others in the class who had bad habits, too.

This time, however, there was no stopping for suppers, sky-larkings, or anything else; the three made their way at once to the doctor's house and confronted that surprised gentleman at his door.

"What on earth is the matter?" he cried, as he espied the trio.

"That's just what we want you to find out," said Wicks. "We have been training for foot-ball and we practiced too hard. And doctor"—here Wicks put his finger to his lips and looked solemn.

"Doctor, you understand! Mum!"

"Certainly," said the doctor.

"We have risked our commissions to bring this young man to you," added Harry, virtuously.

The doctor looked duly appreciative. Perhaps he didn't know that the same two scamps were wont to risk the same commissions for an oyster supper; at any rate, he was too discreet to say so. He assisted the stranger, who by this time was well exhausted, to a sofa, while Merritt was explaining the accident, and with many exclamations fell to work, ascertaining the damages.

"A sprained wrist—nice one, too—cuts, bruises galore—a few pints of blood gone—and other little matters. Do you feel any internal pains?"

"I feel so many I can't tell which is which."

"Well, I don't know. So far as I see it's only a matter of time. But it is the most extraordinary accident I ever heard of. Fell off the express! You have a guardian angel, young man."

As the doctor was bathing the stranger's wounds the two cadets standing by the bedside had their first opportunity to look the latter over. He was a lad of about their own age, seventeen; his face was handsome, and in spite of the paleness resulting from the accident, was tanned with exposure, and ruddy with health; his hair soiled and matted just then, was evidently brown and curly; and as to the strength that was in his magnificently developed frame, Wicks turned to his companion and observed:

"Look, Harry! Did you see an arm to beat that? I bet that fellow could floor an ox."

"I don't believe he could hurt a baby now."

"I'd hate to be the baby. I wish we could get him up here to play foot-ball."

"He's a long way from that now," laughed Harry.

And yet as it turned out, Mark Mallory was not so far from it after all.



He for his part, while this discussion was going on, was lying upon the sofa more or less in pain, according as the doctor shifted the seat of his operations. Occasionally he stole a glance at the two cadets.

They were, neither of them very handsome fellows. Wicks was long and skinny. Harry had a pug nose which turned up at the slightest warning.

"It's all in that uniform," thought Mark, "that makes them look handsome."

The West Point uniform is one whose effect must be seen to be appreciated. It is simple—a close-fitting gray jacket trimmed with gold, and white-duck trousers; yet it sets off a military figure to perfection. There is a saying that cadets are all handsome.

"I wonder what sort of a life they lead," mused Mark. "I think I should like to be in the army."

His thoughts were interrupted by the doctor.

"There's no use," said he slyly to the two cadets, "of your risking those commissions any longer. I'll take care of your friend and you may return to camp. And I think he'll get well all right; he's the kind that stand hard knocks."

"Come up to camp and see us," said Wicks as they left. "We'll show you around—Professor Marco Malloree, champion trapeze jumper and sensational flying expressman—exhibition daily."

"I'll be out to-morrow all right, I guess," said the invalid smiling.

"If you talk that way," said the doctor, "I shall lock you up in jail, because you are to stay abed for two weeks at least."

"And now, young man," he continued, when the two cadets were gone, "and now tell me something about yourself. Where were you going?"

"To New York."

"Why?"

"To attend to some mining matters for my employer. I won't be able to attend to it promptly, so I suppose I'll be discharged."

"He'll make allowances for this if he's the right kind of man."

"Yes, I suppose so," said Mark, getting some comfort out of the reflection.

"Is your father living?" asked the doctor.

"No, but my mother is. She is an invalid, and I take care of her. But I don't know what I shall do if I am discharged."

"A pleasant state of affairs," said the doctor. "Have you any money with you?"

"Twenty dollars and a ticket home."

"That's not as much as it might be. It wouldn't pay your hotel bill."

"Then what am I to do?"

"Stay here with me."

"Oh, sir, I cannot!"

"If you cannot, and at the same time cannot do otherwise, I do not know what you are to do, except you do as you're told. I am an old bachelor with an empty house, and I like you."

"I can never repay you, sir!"

"That's just the part I like; and now my young express jumper, write a telegram to your employer, and then go to sleep and stay so till I tell you to stop."

And without another word the doctor turned and marched out of the room.



## CHAPTER IV.

## WEST POINT.

The amount of time that Mark Mallory spent in undergoing repairs was finally determined by a compromise.

In the course of a few days having a little leisure time on his hands (for the doctor would not think of trusting him to leave his care as yet), Mark succeeded in finding his way up to West Point again.

This time he made the trip by daylight, and by the main road, which runs parallel to the river and up on the bluff. There are fine views from that road. The Hudson rolls by at its foot, and fades away Northward and Southward into the dim line of its bordering hills. But to Mark it was nothing. He came from the land of Pikes' Peak and the Garden of the Gods.

Besides, he had other things to think about just then. He was wandering about West Point, trying to recall what he had read of it, and trying to imagine what it would be like.

There is a stone building, one of a row of the officers' houses, upon the left-hand side of the road, which blocks off for a moment the view of one approaching. Passing that, the Academy Building and the class hall are in full sight. Mark stopped when he came to the latter, for from within its gray stone walls came a confused murmur and clatter, a medley of voices and plates.

"It's the cadets at dinner, I guess," thought Mark. "I think I'll stay here awhile."

He could see through the open windows the backs of some of the cadets, all apparently busy; up the street in the distance was the parade ground, and beyond it a bunch of white tents could be distinguished amid the trees.

"I suppose that's the camp," mused the stranger. "The place I came so near the other night. But I'll be blessed if I see just how the land lies. Ah! what's that? There comes a fellow out of the door. He has a red sash on, and he looks important. I wonder what he's up to. He's very handsome, and he looks as if he knew it pretty well."

That "fellow" was the cadet officer of the day. A moment later the cadets began to struggle out of the building and formed upon the walk.

"Attention, company!" shouted the officer.

"Fours left! March!"

The cadets strode up the street with Mark sagging along behind and feeling very lonesome and out of place, and unmilitary indeed. He didn't even keep step.

Up to the street to the Academy Building, through the eastern sally fort, between its two frowning rows of cannon balls, and then out of the darkness and into the courtyard of the barracks.

"Company halt!" and then a few more indistinguishable orders and the line melted into a skurry lot of cadets.

Mark sat down upon the steps; he could see the cadets as they passed him staring at him with more or less curiosity.

"I see the story has gotten out by this time," he mused. "I don't suppose people are pushed from that express every day. I wish to thunder they wouldn't stare at me so. But I suppose I'm staring at them, too."

His last remark was prompted by a group of three cadets who



were standing in the centre of the courtyard and staring at him, and making no bones about it either.

"I may be a curiosity," thought Mark. "But I'll be hanged if I want as much notice as that. They aren't paying me at this dime museum."

Still the three cadets stared and grinned. One was a big fellow nearly as stalwart as Mark; the other two were dapper little chaps with a dudish sort of an air.

"I don't guess they're very great shakes," mused Mark. "I believe I could lick the crowd, but I shan't try it with only one arm. I'll not pay any attention to them; that's what I'll do."

He stared about him at the now nearly deserted barracks with their stern gray walls and frowning dark battlements; he stared at the clock across the way in the guard-house; and then unconsciously his eyes wandered back to the solitary group in the centre. The group still stared and grinned. Evidently it was a huge joke.

Mark was getting angry.

"I don't mind it so much," he thought, "but it's so deucedly rude. I believe I'll try staring back."

He tried that; but it didn't seem to have much effect either.

"I wonder how long this is going to last," he exclaimed. "I'll bet it don't last much longer without my saying something."

It went right on lasting in spite of Mark's threat, and at last he could stand it no more.

"What in thunder are you fellows staring at, any way?" he demanded angrily.

Instantly the three cadets sprang back in alarm, opening their mouths in amazement. They were silent with horror for at least a minute, as if striving to grasp the situation. And at last the big fellow spoke, in solemn and measured tones.

"Candidate! Candidate! How dare you speak, sir, until you are spoken to?"

And this, as may naturally be imagined, amazed and perplexed our hero. He stood silently puzzling over it—and then suddenly the truth broke in upon him!

"They think I'm a candidate for next year. And—by George!—they're going to haze me."

Sure enough the three had started with measured tread to approach him. The grin was gone now, and instead was a look of intense solemnity.

"What shall I do," thought Mark, "shall I tell I'm not one? Pshaw, that would spoil all the fun! I believe I'll wait and see what they'll do. The joke'll be all on them."

The three approached, still solemn.

"I wish I had two well arms, or else some fire arms," mused Mark. "I wouldn't be afraid of them then. But I suppose I can run away and live to fight another day."

By this time the hazers were within two feet of him. There they halted and glared.

Mark glared back.

"If I don't have some fun with them," he thought, "it won't be because I don't try."

"If we don't have some fun with him," thought the cadets, "it won't be because we don't try."

There was fun enough for both.



## CHAPTER V.

## HAZING THE HAZERS.

There used to be a time at West Point when hazing was no joke; there used to be a time when to be hazed meant to be pushed and hauled and kicked and punched, until one's body was black and blue; to be tossed in blankets and ridden on rails and flung into ice water; all of which the authorities did not encourage, they at least permitted by laxity of discipline. Nowadays that has all passed, and it had in our hero's time. The strictest of rules strictly enforced has done away with the objectionable features of hazing. There is seldom any bodily pain inflicted. The laws, too, have tried to do away with even the mildest forms, but of course they have not succeeded. So long as one class is hazed, it is sure to haze the next one for revenge.

If it cannot be done in public it is done on the sly.

Now, in the first place, when a plebe comes to West Point (a plebe is a cadet in his fourth year, the lowest class) he has one thing to learn; if he does not learn it in short order, he is taught in shorter. And that is that he is the most unimportant, insignificant nonentity upon the face of the earth. He is a creature of the lowest social rank (plebe being short for plebeian). He is made for everybody to boss, from the lowest yearling corporal to the superintendent of the Academy; he is to do just as he is told with no whys or wherefores; he must say "sir" to everybody; speak when he is spoken to; and look at all times as if he would like to sink through the floor.

It takes some people a might of a time to learn that the world could go on without them; but it seldom takes a plebe very long, for every one he meets drums it into him; and if he continues fresh and insubordinate he soon finds that he has insulted some one, and is invited over across the parade ground to Fort Clinton to fight it out, with the ultimate necessity of doing one by one the whole three classes above him. Most plebes do not get very far in that.

These are the weapons in the hands of the strangers' superiors. There is one more course the plebe might adopt—he might report to the commandant the haze and the hazers, which should mean immediate expulsion for the latter. But it would also mean social ostracism for the tell tale; and so nobody tries that step. If the plebe is sensible, and has been termed beforehand, what he does do is just as he is told, thereby soon becoming considered a very respectable sort of a person, and but a poor subject for torment.

Of course, Mark Mallory, being no candidate, was privileged to be as "sassy" as he pleased. He could have his fun unpunished, except by personal violence, which he rightly conjectured, would not be tried upon him, injured as he was. It was to be a war of words; and our hero got the best of it. The big fellow did look terribly imposing as he squared himself off in front of Mark, and folded his arms solemnly.

"As a preliminary," he growled (he did everything slowly so as to appear imposing). "As a preliminary, will you have the kindness to asseverate the fact that you are or not a candidate, thereby greatly illuminating our mental horizon and determining our future course of action."

Mark chuckled gleefully to himself and winked familiarly at the grave cadets.



"I'm three or four," he said.

The three cadets groaned dismally and looked stern. That answer meant to them a great deal. It meant in the first place that there was a candidate who dared to be facetious; who had so little respect for rank, and so high an opinion of himself, that he dared to be impertinent to a cadet. Ahem! It means too, that he was a youngster who refused to "sir" his superiors, a most heinous crime, the unpardonable sin.

After the groan there was another impressive silence. Then the spokesman, the big fellow, began again.

"Candidate, it is very evident that you are B. J."

"It would be more evident to me," laughed Mark, easily, "if I knew what B. J. meant."

"B. J." said the solemn spokesman, "being literally translated vernacular, signifies 'before June.' We apply the term to one who is in vulgar language 'fresh.' A plebe who is B. J. is odious enough, but a candidate, a whole year behind a plebe—bah!"

"What shall we do with such a creature?" chimed in the other two. "Alas! What?"

"It is a matter of very little importance to me," said Mark, "provided you do not stare me."

"The corps must know of this!" growled the three.

"There is one hope, one hope," added the tall fellow, "he may never be admitted. I shall use all my influence to prevent it."

"Too bad," said Mark. "I see I have made enemies of influential people."

"You have, sir!"

"And I have no doubt that influence counts for a great deal in the examinations."

That hit the cadets in a sore spot, and they did not know just what to say. If there is anything that cadets boast of it is that influence counts for nothing whatsoever. So there was an embarrassed silence. Mark chuckled inwardly.

"Candidate," began the spokesman of the cadets, "at last it is quite evident that you are incorrigible. But you will find, sir, above all things that the Academy examinations are exceedingly impartial, and far too difficult for you, sir."

"Are they really so bad, sir?" asked Mark innocently.

There was no answer, but one of the cadets slowly and impressively took a paper from the inside of his jacket. It was a large and officious looking document.

"Candidate, listen! Here are questions, real questions, sir! Do you desire to hear them?"

"Why, yes, really if you'll be so kind, I'll be ever so much obliged to you for your consideration."

The large cadet began to read:

"U. S. Military Academy, West Point, August 12th. Examination in Tactics and Ordnance——"

"I didn't know I'd be examined in that," said Mark.

"There is much that candidates do not know!" was the crushing answer. "If one ten-inch rifle mounted upon a Wickenoffski parapet will throw a two hundred and thirty-eight pound dynamite projectile a distance of six miles, how far will two such guns similarly mounted throw the same? Ahem!"

"I have heard it said——" began Mark.

"It is surprising," put in the questioner, "that you could have



stopped talking long enough to hear anything said. But what have you heard?"

"That a fool can ask more questions in a minute than a wise man can answer in a life time."

There was silence, quite thick, after that. The three cadets gasped and grew red in the face and stammered.

"You evidently think," began the big fellow angrily.

"I am glad to know I show signs of it," said Mark, and then he bowed politely. "Now, gentlemen," he added, "I thank you most sincerely for your pleasant quarter of an hour, and I trust that you have enjoyed it as much as I. In conclusion let me say that since I am not really a candidate——"

"Not a candidate!" cried the tall fellow.

"Not a candidate," echoed Mark, "and here comes two friends of mine, and so,"—a polite bow—"good-day."

"Great heavens, mar," cried the three together, running after him. "Please don't tell the cadets. It'd ruin us!"

"I am not mean," said Mark, "though I like a joke. I shall not."

And the three hazers vanished through the sally port. Mark went up and joined Wicks and Harry.

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE FERRYBOAT TO GARRISON'S.

It would take much space to tell what Mark saw in those few days he spent in the company of his friends. He wandered about the grounds and the camp with them that afternoon, inspecting buildings and tents, and monuments, and cannon and what not. He studied the cadets and their life, and asked all sorts of questions about it, wondering all the while how he should like it; and finding more and more that he thought he should like it very well indeed. He sat upon the edge of the parade ground late that Saturday afternoon, and watched the full-dress parade, three-hundred cadets moving in most perfect unison to music that awakened all the military spirit that was in him.

He went that night to the full-dress hop, and stood shyly in the doorway thinking that he should like very much to be in the midst of it all; he went to the chapel on Sunday morning and was thrilled by the sound of three hundred voices filling the place with the strains of a hymn which swept him back to a little church in his little home.

He spent that afternoon wandering about through the woods with his two friends. On Monday he stood by the battle monument on the edge of the parade ground, gazing northward far up the valley of the Hudson, while just below him thundered the mounted battery with which the cadets were practising.

Later he sat and watched the artillery evolutions upon the cavalry plain; and when it was over, and Wicks and Harry joined him again, our hero's mind was made up for the future as it had never been before.

"Fellows," he said, and he looked them in the eye and meant it, "I am coming to West Point."

Wicks stared at him for a moment and then he seized him by the hand.

"Old man," he cried, "if you do we'll put you on the foot-ball team and lick Yale."



"Yes," said Mark, "but look out for that shoulder."

"Can you get an appointment?" asked Harry.

"I don't know. I don't know anything about an appointment. I scarcely know what it is, I only know that I'm coming."

"And that's all he needs to know," laughed Wicks.

"I must get you fellows to give me particulars about the rest. I want——"

"Mr. Express Jumper, here's a telegram for you."

Mark turned. It was his friend, the doctor.

"I was just driving up," he added, "so I brought it along. It's from your employer, I guess."

Mark opened it hastily, and glanced at it. Then he handed it to the doctor.

"Mark Mallory, Highland Falls, N. Y.—Return home immediately. Change of plans. Taylor."

Mark whistled.

"There's an express on the Central due at Garrison's across the river," began the doctor, taking out his watch. "By George! you've not a moment to lose! There's the ferry coming over now."

"I'll go," said Mark. "And you fellows write me what I must do to come here."

"Trust us for that," answered Wicks. "What's your address. Oh, yes, Denham's Gulch! Good-by."

"Doctor," began Mark, "I don't know how to thank you for——"

"The boat's in the dock," was the laughing reply. "You'll have to swim if you don't hurry. Good-by."

"Good-by," said Mark. "Good-by everybody. You'll hear from me again soon."

He turned and ran down the road to the ferryboat slip. The little boat Highlander was on the point of starting. There was quite a crowd on board, for an excursion had come up from the city that day. Mark pushed his way through them and passed to the bow, gazing about him curiously all the while, for this was the first ferryboat the Westerner had ever seen.

A minute or two after he boarded there was a jingle of a bell and a throb, and the boat started. Mark stood by the engine house and watched the machinery.

"I believe I could run that myself," he mused. "It's on the same principle as the dummy engine I used to work at the mines. Signals the same, too, I notice."

The latter remarks were made as two bells came, and the engineer stepped forward and moved the lever. The boat began to slow a little, and Mark heard shouts from the bow. He ran forward.

One the big Albany steamers crowded with people was sweeping majestically up the river. The ferry had slowed to let her pass. Presently there came one bell and full speed again.

Mark wandered back to the stern, and gazed upon the fast receding shore. He could see the Academy buildings high upon the bluff nestling in the green of the foliage. It made a pretty picture, and Mark for a moment felt homesick as he realized how fast it was going from him. Then he clenched his fist.

"I'll come back there some day or bust!" he muttered aloud.

Our hero took just one more glance at the distant shore and then turned and went forward.

"I want to see how they land this big clumsy boat," he thought to himself.



They were near the shore then; the dock was right before them, with a number of people ready to board.

Two bells!

"That means stop the machinery," mused Mark, and then he started in surprise. "Why in thunder don't the machinery stop?"

It didn't stop. The boat plunged on full speed ahead.

Three bells!

"That meant back," exclaimed Mark.

And still the boat sped on.

Three bells again!

"Something's the matter!" cried a man.

A perfect storm of signals from the jangling bell! And still no response.

The passengers gazed at one another with scared white faces, the boat was nearly in the dock, and a frightful crash was imminent.

The captain had appeared in the window of the pilot house above.

"Stop the boat!" he cried.

There was a panic in an instant; and Mark, quick as thought turned and dashed to the engine room. With a bound he was at the engineer's side. The man sat in his chair erect, motionless.

"Quick, man!" shouted Mark. "Stop the boat!"

The engineer never moved. Trembling with haste, Mark pushed him roughly, and he tumbled in a heap to the floor. He had been stricken with apoplexy.

A babel of confusion arose from outside; shrieks and cries. Mark sprang to the lever and flung it back.

And then in an agony of suspense he stood and waited. The boat shivered from stem to stern with the sudden reversal; yet he could feel that it was still sweeping on, in spite of the paddle wheels. Would it stop in time?

The next moment came a gentle bump; and our hero leaned against the wall, trembling with a nervous reaction.

"We're safe!" he gasped.

A figure appeared in the doorway. It was the captain of the boat; he took one glance at the motionless white face of the heap upon the floor, and one glance at the brave lad who stood by the lever. Then he rushed up to Mark and seized him by the hand.

"My boy," he cried, and stopped. He could think of no more to say. But Mark looked into his eyes and saw there what he meant. A crowd of excited people surged into the doorway, men and women, still pale with fright, and all talking and shouting.

To poor Mark, who dreaded the ordeal, it seemed as if they all made for him. Mark turned helplessly to the captain.

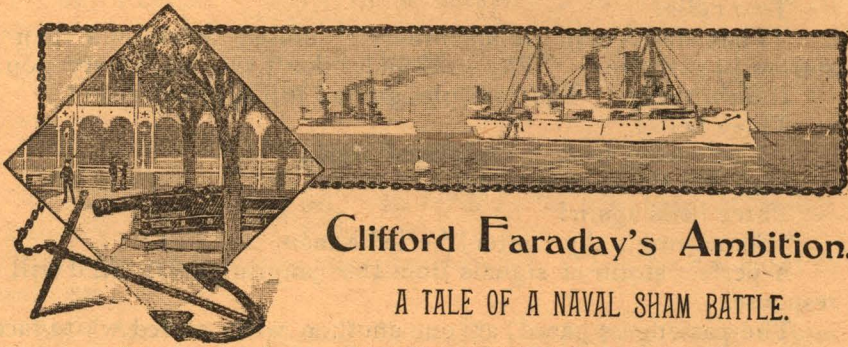
"Won't you please show me to the train?" he asked.

But he only got more thanks there, and at last he turned and fled. A moment or two later Mark was seated on the river side of one of the coaches. His spirits had gone up a remarkable number of degrees in the past twenty minutes, and he glanced across at the buildings crowning the heights at West Point with a feeling that it was not the last view he was destined to take of them.

They say that all things come to him who waits—and works," he murmured as the wheels began to revolve. "I'll wait and I'll work, and I will return here a cadet!"

In the next number (2) of the Army and Navy Weekly will be found "Mark Mallory's Heroism; or, First Steps Toward a Commission," by Lieutenant Frederick Garrison, U. S. A.





## Clifford Faraday's Ambition.

A TALE OF A NAVAL SHAM BATTLE.

By Ensign Clarke Fitch, U. S. N.

### CHAPTER I.

#### THE HAND UNDER THE BRUSH.

"Shag, there's something up!"

Crack! Crack! Boom! Br-r-r-r! Crack!

"I tell you there's something going on over there. Whew! did you hear that? It sounded like the explosion of ten thousand fire crackers at once."

A long stretch of dusty road leading between unfenced meadows and fields guiltless of care. A hot summer sun beaming down with almost tropical fervency. Over to the south a fringe of dense trees green with their leafy dress; and above their tops a cloud of white smoke floating lazily in the mild breeze.

In the road was a boy and a dog.

The boy was about sixteen years of age. He was clad in rather poor garments, but the patch upon his sleeve and the frayed edges of his trousers did not detract from the fact that he was sturdy and well put together, and that his face was keen and intelligent.

The dog was sitting in the dust of the road wagging his bushy tail in reply to his young master's observations. Both were looking toward the suspicious white smoke hovering above the woods, and both had been startled by the peculiar whip-like reports which came from that direction.

"Shag, there's something up," repeated the lad with a shake of his curly head. "That's supposed to be Long Island Sound over there. But there's considerable stretch of beach beyond the trees, and I guess those shots come from close to the water."

Another rattling volley and the vicious reports of several rapid-firing guns increased the expression of curiosity upon the lad's frank face. He glanced once across a meadow at his back where a shimmer of water could be seen through the brush, then he whistled to Shag and hurried toward the fringe of woods.

The dog, with tail pointed straight out and ears cocked suspiciously, kept close to his heels, and the two presently reached a spot from where a good view of the beach could be seen.

The lad took one look, then he raised both hands in amazement.

"Gorry! if it isn't a battle I'm a whale!"

It wa. an animated and inspiring scene that was presented to the lad's wondering gaze.

The long stretch of sandy beach was covered with detached com-



panies of men and boys in naval costumes. They were charging up and down in what seemed to be actual battle array.

Near the edge of the woods a short distance from the unseen watcher was an improvised fort constructed of timbers, sand and earth. Behind it he caught occasional glimpses of marines evidently engaged in a desperate defense of their stronghold.

The smoke of conflict was heavy in the air, and the infernal din created by the rapid discharge of hundreds of muskets and larger pieces of ordnance echoed and reverberated among the trees.

Out in the offing were five massive white cruisers riding at anchor. A number of launches and cutters moored a cable's length from the surf told the story.

It was a sham battle being fought by detachments from the North Atlantic Naval Squadron.

Clifford Faraday, the lad hidden in the brush, did not recognize this fact at once. His knowledge of naval affairs was not very extensive, and to him the conflict was real. This belief was strengthened by the fact that he could see, plainly before his eyes, men dropping right and left.

They were snatched up, wounded and apparently bleeding, and carried to the rear of the line where surgeons and attendants ministered to them. Some, however, were left where they had fallen, and as they did not stir or move, Clif thought they were dead, and a great pity filled his kindly heart.

He remained rooted to the spot where he had first caught sight of the thrilling scene. He saw the long lines of sailors sweep toward the besieged fort. He saw the gallant marines beat back the invaders. He clasped his hands and watched with eager eyes the furious conflict raging upon the parapet of the fortification.

There were at least ten companies engaged in the attack. Of these eight were composed of bronzed and bearded men who displayed in their advance the trained tactics of experienced sailors.

But they were not nearly so attractive to Clif as the remaining two companies. These were made up of fully one hundred boys of about his own age. They were clad in neat white uniforms, and their caps—those who wore such an article—were edged with a dark brim.

How the lads scampered over the sand toward the fort. Their excited, eager faces told of their intense interest in the mimic warfare. They flourished their cutlasses and cheered lustily. Their leaders, boys but little older than themselves, dashed forward and urged on their followers with gallant words.

As Clif watched, the wave of living humanity reached the fort. They were repulsed with loss, then reforming they again charged the defenders. This time the two companies of boys were in the van.

Fully half their number fell before the withering fire of the garrison, but the remainder clung tooth and nail to the edge of the parapet and, despite the strenuous efforts of the marines, stayed there until reinforcements swept up.

Then followed a brief but savage combat which finally resulted in the capture of the fort. The flag was hauled down amid cheers, then a gray mustached officer bearing the insignia of a lieutenant-commander swung his cap in the air and shouted:

"Three cheers for the cadets from Annapolis! They saved the day for us. Ready, men, three times three and a tiger!"



Clif found himself cheering and swinging his hat behind the bushes, but the sound was lost in the storm of hurrahs from the men on the beach. They were doing honor to the gallant companies of naval cadets that had stormed and held the parapet of the improvised fort.

Suddenly a deep, sullen report echoed across the water from the flagship of the squadron. The hidden watcher looked out and saw the puff of white smoke drifting from the forward port gun on the beautiful white cruiser.

He thought it was a signal to recommence the fighting, and he eagerly watched the two companies of cadets. Commands were passed from officer to officer, the battalion formed in line with service guns to left and right, then suddenly the line broke up and a start was made for the small boats.

Now for the first time, Clif noticed that the sunlight had gone out of the sky. To the northward a heavy bank of clouds darkened the air, and it was plainly evident that a storm was brewing.

The battalion was hurriedly embarking. The machine guns were placed in the bows of the launches, the sailors, marines and cadets scrambled in after them, then the flotilla swept out toward the cruisers.

As they swung alongside the lower booms, Clif left his hiding place and walked to the edge of the surf. A scurry of rain beat upon his face, but he shook himself like a great dog and placidly watched the squadron steam away toward the open sea.

As the last cruiser fell into line the lad turned away with a sigh. "Gorry! how I would like to be one of those cadets," he said, wistfully. "They must have jolly times. And how gallant and brave they are! Shag, I guess it's beyond us, eh? We've got to go back to Hartford and do other things for our living. And we'd better be moving by the same token. That gale will break in a pair of seconds."

Clif glanced over the battlefield as he moved back toward the woods. He saw a number of empty shells, and odds and ends left from the fight. Something prompted him to visit the fort.

He climbed over the shattered parapet and descended into the interior. The four lengths of earthworks formed a square about forty feet each way. Upon the sandy floor were little heaps of earth and brush and tree logs.

Clif picked up a broken cutlass handle as a memento of the occasion and started to leave the place. Suddenly his eye caught the glimmer of a bright button under the edge of a mass of brush and debris in one corner of the enclosure.

"Some one's left a cap or something," he murmured. "I guess I'll take that also."

He reached down and dragged away a branch, then he started backward with a cry.

There was a human hand protruding from the pile of brush!

## CHAPTER II.

### NAVAL CADET ARCHIE BLAND.

A doleful howl came from Shag, and the dog began to frantically paw at the mass of debris. Clif quickly recovered his courage.

"Down, sir, down!" he commanded. "Get back there, Shag!"

Forcing the whimpering dog away, he fell upon the pile and speedily exposed to view a body. It was that of a young naval ca-



det. The boy's face was pale, and blood oozed from a cut upon the side of the head. His left arm hung so awkwardly that Clif saw at once that it was broken.

"He's been wounded and left here by mistake. But he is still living, thank God! We must get him out of this and to a place where he'll get the attention of a doctor."

Tenderly placing his rolled-up coat under the cadet's head, Clif ran to the edge of the surf. Filling his cap with water, he started back toward the fort. A sudden gust of wind swept across the beach and almost knocked him prostrate.

The sea was rising. A low growling noise came from the surf, as it sullenly rolled against the sandy barrier of the beach.

These were signs not to be mistaken. Even to Clif's inexperienced eyes they portended a violent storm. Shaking his head ominously, he hastened to the fort. His patient was still insensible, but a liberal application of the water brought him round before many minutes elapsed.

He opened his eyes and gazed wonderingly at Clif and Shag. He started to rise, but the former gently restrained him.

"Wait a bit until you feel better," he said kindly.

"Where am I? What is the—the matter?"

"I guess you got hurt during the battle. I found you here covered up with branches and dirt."

"I remember," replied the cadet quickly. "I was charging over the earthworks with the company and something struck me on the head. Then I didn't know anything more. What a funny adventure. The fellows will laugh at me."

"I guess they wouldn't if they had passed through the same experience," replied Clif dryly.

"Have they commenced to embark yet? I must rejoin——"

"The ships are almost out of sight at sea."

"What?"

The cadet tried to scramble to his feet, but his injured arm struck against a log and he groaned with pain. His face paled, and Clif caught him just in time to prevent him from falling back.

"My—my arm is broken," gasped the lad. "It hurts like—like sixty."

"Let me see if I can't bandage it a little," replied Clif. "Lie down again and rest while I fix it."

"The fleet has sailed without me and we're left alone on this island. What will we do?"

"Get to the mainland as quickly as possible."

"Have you a boat?"

"Yes, a small one, but it will do."

Clif spoke with a decisiveness that was one of his strongest characteristics. His companion looked up at him with a trustfulness rather peculiar under the circumstances.

"Will you tell me your name?" he asked.

"Clifford Faraday."

"You don't live on this island?"

"No. No one lives here now," replied the lad, tenderly bandaging the cadet's arm to his side with a sleeve torn from his own shirt. "I'm from Hartford, Connecticut. I'm visiting an aunt over in Noank, and I came here to-day in a friend's boat on a sort of pleasure trip."

"It was lucky for me you did. My name is Bland, Archie



Bland, and I'm a cadet at the Annapolis Naval Academy. Our class was ordered to join with the North Atlantic Squadron in a sham battle here."

"Gorry! it was some time before I knew it was only sham fighting. I thought you fellows were in dead earnest."

"I confess it seemed like it when we got to going. That is how. I received this injury. Whew! when we swept up to the fort those marines didn't do a thing but whack us with the butts of their guns. I can just remember a big corporal making for me with his rifle, then I saw stars and thunder and lightning."

"You must have been knocked under at the corner there and buried beneath the shattered parapet."

"That is how it happened, I guess, Clifford. Fancy them leaving me behind. There'll be great larks when they fail to find me at quarters. They'll think I have fallen overboard."

"What will they do then?" asked Clif, putting the finishing touches upon the bandage.

"Muster me out," was the careless reply. "Jupiter! I wish we were in Noank. We'll have a tough time of it reaching the mainland in this weather. Hadn't we better wait until it blows over?"

"That may mean a matter of three or four days," replied Clif, gravely. "Old Pete, a fisherman in Noank, told me this morning that we would have a lasting storm before the day was out. He advised me to return before noon as the gale would be a fierce one. We must risk it now while the sea is not so high."

"Where is your boat?"

"On the other side of the island. It is more sheltered there. Come; we will embark."

With Shag frisking before them they set out for the landward side of the island. As they left the fort the overcast sky darkened, and the rain began to fall heavily.

"The fleet will get the full benefit of this," observed Clif, catching his companion by the sound arm and leading him through the brush.

He had selected a small cove protected from the east by a rocky tongue or bar. Inside, the water was comparatively smooth, but as he placed his sturdy shoulder to the bow and shoved the boat off, a great wave curled past the entrance, falling with a resounding crash upon the outer beach.

Archie rendered what service he could, but his injured arm prevented him doing very much.

"We will row out and spread the sail after we get clear of the land," explained the Hartford boy. "Steady! let me help you in. That's it. Now sit in the stern and see if you can use the tiller."

Shag crouched in the bow and showed his white teeth at the seas as they lapped over the cutwater. The boat was clinker built and had a shapely model, but it was entirely too small and frail for such a trip.

Clif bent to the oars and sent the craft spinning.

Archie, whose year at Annapolis had made him experienced in handling a tiller, guided the boat squarely down the cove.

"We are almost in open water," he called out. "Watch your oars, Clifford. That's it. Now another spurt and we'll be clear of the point."

Clif made the required spurt with all the force of his arms. The boat shot out of the cove straight into the curling maw of an angry



sea. There was a roaring of green waters, a stupendous tossing of white spume, and then with a crash the clinker-built craft with its helpless contents was thrown against the outer beach!

### CHAPTER III.

#### RUN DOWN.

The shock of contact sent Clif head over heels into the sand. He lay there stunned for a moment, then the spray of the surf beating upon his face revived him, and he scrambled to his feet.

His first thought was for the lad he had discovered so opportunely under the debris in the little fort. He was not on the beach, but as Clif gave an eager glance to seaward he espied both Archie and Shag struggling in the surf.

The dog was holding the cadet by the collar and endeavoring to drag him to a place of safety. An encouraging cry came from Clif's lips and he hastened to the rescue.

Twice he was forced back, but he returned to the attack a third time, and at last succeeded in hauling both from the very grasp of the waves. It was not a moment too soon, as Archie was almost unconscious from pain.

Leaving him stretched out upon the sand, Clif turned his attention to the boat. He found it bottom up and lodged in a crevice between two rocks. A hasty examination revealed the welcome fact that the hull was uninjured.

The little mast had been snapped off close to the foot, however; and the sail was torn. Calling all his strength into play Clif dragged the craft from the rocks and righted it.

He worked feverishly, and finally succeeded in restepping the mast. To do this he was compelled to extricate the broken end from the hole in the bottom of the boat, and reshape the butt of the mast with his knife.

While he was laboring away he felt a touch upon his shoulder. Looking up he saw Archie Bland. The cadet's face was pale and his lips compressed, but he seemed cheery enough.

"We're not gone up yet, Clifford," he said.

"No, but it was a close call."

"I can't ask you to risk your life for the sake of saving my arm," protested the cadet earnestly. "I think we would better stay here and take chances."

"No. Come; help me launch her again."

"What about your dog? Going to take him along?"

Clif glanced at the animal, and shook his head.

"I don't like to leave him," he replied, "but he will be very much in the way. I guess he'd better stay on the island to-day. Even if something happens to us, he'll be picked up by a fisherman within forty-eight hours. Come."

Shag watched the boys with his great brown eyes as if he had understood every word. Presently he attempted to crawl into the boat, but Clif gently pushed him back.

"No, Shag, you must stay here. Get under cover and bide your time, that's a good doggy."

Silently the two lads waited until a temporary lull caused the onward impulse of the waves to slacken, then the craft was forced into the surf.

Archie scrambled over the side and seized the tiller. Clif waded up to his waist, gave one last shove, then he too sprang on board.



As he did so the boat was seized and carried away from the beach by the current.

"It's a good start," cried Clif as he worked the oars. "Another hundred yards and we can hoist sail."

The hundred yards were made, then, while Archie kept the tiller steady, he set the remnants of the canvas and close reefed it. The spread of sail was just enough to permit steerage-way, but the long surging heave of the seas sent the light boat spinning.

It sheered through the waves like an arrow, making one long, floating slide after another with a short pause in the drop of the stern to the yawn of water, and then a lightning-like rush forward as the hillocks of foam caught her.

The motion was exhilarating, but the two lads were too wrapped up in their own peril, and the workings of the boat, to appreciate it.

Clif tended the sheet while Archie devoted himself to the tiller. It required nice steering, but the cadet was equal to it notwithstanding his injured arm.

The sparkle and glow of the day had died out entirely. The sky was completely overcast, and a heavy bank of mist could be seen rolling in from the ocean.

"I hope we make land before that catches us," shouted Clif above the deep roar of the seas. "This is a regular channel, you know, and some lumbering vessel might run us down."

"I guess there's little danger of that," replied Archie. "Captains will give this part of the coast a wide berth in this weather. How about a landing place? Is Noank sheltered?"

"Yes. We will find comparatively smooth water after passing the Point."

Presently the wall of fog reached them and the distant Connecticut shore was blotted out as if by some Titians' hand. As the boat plunged from wave to hollow and to wave again the mist thickened until at last the boys found themselves completely enveloped in the damp, clinging chilly vapor.

"I wonder if I'm steering in the right direction?" called out Archie, after a while.

"It is impossible to tell," replied Clif, gravely. "Each surge of the sea may throw us off, you know. We must trust to Providence."

He trimmed the sail anew, then crept forward and tried to pierce the fog with his keen eyes. Impossible task!

"Won't you come aft again?" asked Archie presently. "I declare I feel as if we were in a watery coffin. Come aft, and let's talk."

Clif was not adverse to obeying his companion's request. It was lonely out there in the heart of the mist. As long as the shore was visible there was some sense of human neighborliness.

As he turned to crawl toward the stern-sheets he caught a rattling sound from off the starboard bow. It was a peculiar creaking noise as of a rope passing through a complaining pulley.

Archie heard it also. The sound was more familiar to him than it was to Clif.

"There's a vessel over there," he cried excitedly.

Before Clif could reply—before he had hardly grasped the full meaning of his companion's words—something huge and black and towering rose out of the fog and crashed squarely into the small boat.



## CHAPTER IV.

## SAVING THE SCHOONER.

In times of dire peril even the bravest will yield to the call of self-preservation. The shock of sudden danger permits of only one emotion—that of securing your own life.

The crash and splintering sound of wood as the huge bulk thundered into the clinker boat; the wild surge of the waves, and the downward plunge of the doomed craft as it was ground beneath the forefoot of the unknown hull, caused Clif to forget everything save that he was in terrible peril.

He instinctively leaped upward and made a clutch for a rusty iron cable within a yard of his head. His fingers closed over it and he scrambled, breathless and choking, to the railing of a forecastle.

Once in comparative safety he thought of his companion. Leaning far over he looked downward with straining eyes, and shouted:

"Archie! Archie!"

Something—was it an answering cry?—came back to him from directly under the heel of the bowsprit.

Clif did not wait for a repetition of the sound, but flung himself out upon the short stumpy cathead which projects from the side of the bow. Holding on with all the power of his muscles he again looked downward and caught sight of the cadet.

Archie was clinging to the bobstays, and, as Clif espied him, the massive square bow surged down, down into a smothering wave, carrying the unfortunate cadet under the flying spume and spray.

When the hull lifted again—which it did sluggishly—Clif lowered himself hand under hand and grasped Archie by the collar of his jacket.

"Heart up, old fellow," he called out. "See if you can't help a little, and we'll make the forecastle all right."

"I can—can only use my right hand," gasped Archie in reply. "It's impossible. Let me go, Clifford. Save yourself."

"Not much. Up with you now. That's it; a little higher and—hurrah!"

Sitting a-straddle of the bowsprit and firmly bracing his feet against the inner ends of the bobstay, the brave lad finally succeeded in dragging his companion to the forecastle deck.

Once in safety both fell full length in the bow. They were completely exhausted and it was several minutes before either could arouse himself. The onward plunging of the vessel, and the frightful pitching, slanting, heaving of the deck brought them to their feet again.

"We are adrift on an abandoned schooner, I think," hoarsely cried Clif, pointing aft.

A thinning of the fog enabled them to see as far as the break of the after deck. Not a soul was visible in the whole length and breadth of the fabric.

"She's a wreck," replied Archie. "The mainmast is gone and the forward deckhouse has been swept away. Heavens! what a ruin!"

"We are no better off on board than we were in the boat. She acts as if she was sinking."

Archie glanced over the side.

"I hardly think so," he replied. "I guess the schooner is water-logged. See how sluggishly she takes the seas."

As if to prove the truth of his words the bow plunged into a



great foaming sea and shipped a monster wave over the starboard bulwark. The torrent of water almost swept the boys from their feet.

They scurried aft as quickly as possible and sought refuge upon the after cabin. There they stood for a moment trying to read a word of hope in the scene spread out before them.

"I guess there can be only one end to this," said Archie gloomily.

"The fog is lifting," hastily interrupted Clif. "Look! there's the coast almost dead ahead of us. We are drifting upon it."

A sudden change of wind had torn away the veil of mist, revealing clear and distinct some three miles in advance of the schooner a dark, sullen stretch of highland. Deeper shadows here and there indicated the presence of coves and little harbors.

The resistless force of the wind and waves was carrying the schooner directly toward a jutting point of land which formed one side of an indentation in the coast line.

The point was edged with outlying reefs, and the danger of striking upon one of them was imminent.

"If we could only steer her in past those rocks we might find a sandy beach to strike against," said Archie. "Let's try to get steerage way on her and see what we can do."

His disabled arm prevented him accomplishing much, but under his direction Clif succeeded in hoisting the staysail a dozen feet. Then both boys hurried to the wheel. The deep-lying hull obeyed the rudder so sullenly that they despaired of accomplishing their purpose.

Yard by yard the schooner crept toward the reefs. The warning song of the breakers sounded loud and threatening. On, on they surged until at last barely a ship's length intervened between them and destruction.

And then! and then, the bow slowly paid off until the shattered bowsprit pointed into the little bay, at the other end of which was plainly visible a broad and sloping beach.

Clif and Archie cried aloud for very joy.

"Hurrah! we'll save the old craft and ourselves too," added the former. "Why can't we drop the anchor when we get inside?"

"Great idea," promptly replied the cadet. "It may be ready for letting go. I'll hold the wheel while you run forward and see. Get a bolt and a block or something and knock the pin from the shackle. But don't do it until I give the word."

Clif waited until the schooner was well within the shelter of the point, then he hastened to the forecabin. He found the massive anchor hanging over the port bow.

Securing a capstan bar he stood prepared to strike the catch. By that time the water logged craft was almost midway between the entrance to the little bay and the beach.

A shrill whistle came from Archie, faintly audible above the shriek of the gale. It was the signal to let go. Clif brought his bar down upon the iron catch holding the anchor in place, and the heavy mass dropped with a sullen splash into the water.

The chain rasped gratingly against the side and keel, the schooner lurched forward for one breathless minute, then her way slackened, and she slowly, but surely swung to her anchor.

Clif was so thrilled with joy and relief that he could not even find voice to cheer. Archie left the wheel and hurried forward. When they met the two lads sat down upon a capsized scuttle-butt and almost hugged each other.



"The beat of this voyage can't be found," chuckled the cadet. "It will go down in history as the most novel cruise ever heard of."

"We are lucky to escape so easily. Our lives were not worth two cents ten minutes ago."

"But they are worth considerably more than that now. Whoop! I could dance for very—ouch!"

In his gay spirit Archie sprang to his feet. The sudden movement twitched his broken arm and he groaned with pain. It reminded both lads of the strong reason for their haste to gain the mainland.

"That arm must be seen to as soon as possible," remarked Clif. "I wonder where we are."

He glanced around the little bay, but saw nothing indicating the proximity of a village or even a solitary farm. The bay was enclosed on three sides by highlands which rose above the schooner's masthead.

"I am afraid we must wait until some life-saving patrol happens along, or until we can construct some kind of a raft. Perhaps—Gorry! I know what I'll do."

"What?" asked Archie with deep interest.

"I'll wait until the bay gets smooth and swim ashore."

"You are a hero of the first water, Clifford Faraday," exclaimed Archie gratefully. "You have saved my life more than once to-day, and I will never forget it."

"Don't let it worry you, old fellow. The chance happened to come my way, and I took it. Let's look over our prize and see what she amounts to."

## CHAPTER V.

### A TERRIBLE DISCOVERY.

"There is one thing certain," said the cadet, as he followed Clif aft; "this schooner would have been a total loss if you hadn't picked her up."

"What about you?" laughed the Hartford lad.

"Oh, I'm not in it. Both the schooner and myself owe our present existence to you. This affair ought to be a big feather in your cap. Your name and perhaps your picture will be in all the papers, and you will be known as the wonderful hero who saved a treasure-laden ship by himself."

"Treasure-laden?"

"Perhaps. Some cargoes are as valuable as treasure, you know. Just look down the main hatch here. It's plum full of boxes and bales. They are a trifle damp, but that doesn't spoil them, I guess. I wouldn't be surprised if this craft and contents was worth ten thousand dollars."

"If I owned it I'd give it all for one thing."

"What in heaven's name is that."

"If I could become a cadet at the Annapolis Naval Academy."

Archie turned and stared at his companion's face for a moment, then he blurted:

"You are fooling."

"No I am not. I mean it. I'd give anything if I could be a cadet like you."

"Then why don't you get an appointment?" replied Archie, eyeing his companion's intelligent face and sturdy figure. "You



certainly know enough, and I'm sure you would pass the physical examination."

"Appointments are not to be had for the asking, I understand. I've heard it takes lots of political influence to get one."

"That's the idea most outsiders have," replied Archie warmly. "It is only true in regard to the President's personal appointments. He has ten at large, you know. It takes a strong 'pull' to get one from him, I guess. But nowadays the others are generally settled by competitive examination."

"We had one in Hartford a year ago, and I think there is to be another this year. The Congressman of the district in which I live gives every boy a chance."

"He's a sensible man. Some Congressmen give out the appointments as favors to their political friends. I know a case where a member of Congress appointed his two sons, one to Annapolis and the other to West Point. He made each the alternate of the other, so they were sure of something."

Archie laughed as if the very idea was funny.

"What's an alternate?" asked Clif, greatly interested.

"When a candidate is selected for appointment another boy in the same district is named to take his place in case he fails to pass the entrance examination at the Academy. He is called the alternate."

"Is the examination very difficult?"

"It is and it isn't. It's hard for a dunce and easy for any one who has graduated from the common schools. Did you graduate?"

"I have had one year at high school. I would have gone through if——"

Clif hesitated and glanced out across the bay. Then he added softly:

"Father died and left mother in my care. We were poor and I went to work so that we could keep our little home. I am employed in a newspaper office, but I am now on my vacation. I came down here, or rather to Noank with mother to spend it with an aunt."

"And you support your mother and a whole house yourself?"

"I try to," smiled Clif.

Archie eyed the speaker with what was evidently sincere admiration. He seemed slightly ashamed also.

"I am afraid I can't say that," he murmured. "I live in Chicago, and my father owns a large packing business. I've done nothing all my life but spend money. I didn't even get in the academy by competitive examination. Father had pull enough to persuade our Congressman to appoint me."

"But you knew enough to pass the examination."

Archie laughed.

"Yes, after three tutors had a whack at me. But say, Clifford, I am bound to have you a cadet at the Academy. You must try at the next compet. in your district. Now promise me that you will."

"What is the use?" asked Clif with a sigh.

"Why, I am sure you will pass."

"Perhaps."

"Well——" began Archie, then he suddenly grasped the meaning of his companion's hesitancy. He flushed, and glanced awkwardly about the deck. The next second his sound arm was encircling Clif's shoulders, and he exclaimed impulsively:



"I understand, old fellow. You are thinking about the cost of entrance. It's pretty high, I know. I had to pay one hundred and ninety-six dollars when I entered. But say, I wouldn't let that prevent me if I were you. We can fix it all right. You saved my life twice to-day, and I would be very ungrateful if——"

"I know what you are going to say," hastily interrupted Clif, "and I am thankful to you, but I can't accept the offer. If I ever enter the Annapolis Naval Academy it will be on money I have earned myself. And I must have enough for mother's use also."

"Please don't refuse my aid," pleaded Archie. "Why, I can spare enough from my pocket money for that purpose. And I know that father will be so grateful when he hears how you saved my life that he will do anything for your mother. Wait until I am through, Clifford. Just think what a career it will mean for you if you enter the Academy. Why, a naval officer is simply out of sight. He's looked upon as belonging to the highest society, and he has a chance to make himself famous in more ways than one. And the Academy itself! Gee! you should see what a great place we have. It's fine. The life there is pleasant, and we have no end of fun."

He paused for breath. Clif smiled, but shook his head.

"You know I appreciate your offer, old fellow," he said sincerely. "But I can't accept. I am determined to enter the academy, but I'll do it on money earned by myself. You will see me there before two years have passed, rest assured of that. Now let me fix that bandage again. It is slipping down."

While he was attending to Archie's arm that youth renewed his pleading. Clif remained firm, but he showed an eager desire to talk about the Academy. The morning passed slowly. Shortly after twelve, while the boys were rummaging in the dismantled galley for something to eat, they heard a faint shout.

Running to the forecandle they glanced toward shore and saw a man clad in oilskins and a southwester standing near the edge of the water. He waved his hand and shouted again.

"It's a beach patrol from some life-saving station," cried Archie. "Hurrah! he'll get us off now. We must hoist a distress signal."

By his direction Clif attached a piece of bunting to the forward signal halliards and hoisted it midway to the truck. It proved to be a Dutch ensign, but it answered the purpose.

The man ashore waved his southwester, then he disappeared behind an elevation. He was gone fully an hour, but when he came into view again he was accompanied by four other men.

They dragged a yawl from within a little inlet and embarked. The boys watched their movements with eager interest. The sea had subsided considerably, but the sky still remained lowering and overcast.

"The storm ain't over yet," remarked Archie sagely. "This is the tail of a squall, and it'll be followed by a severe gale."

"We're all right anyway. We'll be ashore in twenty minutes."

They leaned over the forecandle rail and watched the yawl as it was forced through the water. The patrol was steering with a spare oar. He stood up in the stern sheets and eyed the schooner curiously as he approached.

Suddenly—when the yawl was within a hundred yards of the schooner—the lads saw him drop his oar and almost fall from the stern. He lifted up both hands and bellowed hoarsely:



"Row ashore, mates! row ashore as quick as you can. That's the Mary E. Jackson!"

To the profound surprise of Clif and Archie the oarsmen whirled the boat about and hustled her away from the schooner.

"Hi there!" shouted Clif in amazement. "Hi, there! What's the matter with you!?"

"Git off that craft if you value your lives," roared the beach patrol. "It's the Mary E. Jackson, and she's a dynamite ship!"

## CHAPTER VI.

### FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS SALVAGE.

"A dynamite ship?" echoed Clif, staggering back from the rail. "Heavens and earth!"

"A dynamite ship!" chattered Archie, casting a frightened glance toward the half-open hatch. "Let's get out—get out of her."

Clif's face was deadly pale, but he recovered his composure in a remarkably brief space of time. Leaning far over the rail, he waved his hand and shouted to the occupants of the yawl:

"Come back here and take us off, will you. What are you afraid of now? Do you intend to leave us on board, confound you!"

The beach patrol and his mates ceased rowing and consulted together for a moment, then the bow of the yawl was turned toward the schooner once more.

"We'll drop astern of you," was shouted to the boys. "Jump overboard and we'll pick you up."

"Can't do it," replied Clif, making a speaking trumpet of his hands. "My companion has a broken arm. Come alongside."

It was plainly evident the occupants of the yawl were extremely reluctant to comply with the request. They consulted again, and wagged their heads as if deciding to refuse.

"We must not be left aboard this hulk," said Clif to the cadet.

"I should rather say not. Gee whiskers! fancy having tons and tons of dynamite under your feet. If it should explode we'd be scattered over the whole State."

"Hi, there!" shouted Clif. "Don't leave us aboard! My companion has broken his arm and it must be set at once."

"And we want to get off the confounded schooner, too," added Archie. "I'll give you a hundred dollars each if you'll take us ashore."

"We don't want your money, lad," finally replied the patrol. "We'll get you off the schooner if you will be quick about it."

The yawl was brought alongside the gangway, and it was almost comical to see how careful the oarsmen were to avoid bumping against the side. Archie was assisted into the boat, then after Clif had leaped into the bow a start was made for shore.

At the request of the patrol Clif related their adventures, the men listening in open-mouthed wonder.

"You have had the escape of your lives, young fellers," said one with a shiver. "I've hearn tell of many remarkable adventures, but yours beat all. Why, thet schooner is loaded with five hundred tons of dynamite."

"It would have been the same if it had only contained ten," replied Clif, coolly. "If we had struck the reefs out there the extra tons would not have been eended."



"How did you know the Mary E. Jackson was loaded with dynamite?" asked Archie.

"We got word from Boston early this morning," replied the patrol, glancing back at the vessel. "She was struck by a squall at sea, and the crew abandoned her."

"I don't blame them," observed Clif.

The bay in which the schooner had ended her voyage was not more than ten miles from Noank, and the boys were taken there by train. After their arrival at Clif's temporary home Archie's arm was set by a surgeon, and the lad sent to bed.

It was not long before the story of the wonderful adventures of the two boys became noised about the village.

Archie's parents and the authorities at the Naval Academy were notified of the cadet's mishap. A return from the former requested the lad to travel home as soon as possible, but he begged a week's delay.

"I'm not going to leave you so soon as all that," he said to Clif.

"You must obey your father."

"I will if you'll consent to let me help you enter the Academy," replied Archie cunningly.

Clif smiled and shook his head.

As soon as the gale subsided Clif and a fisherman visited the island and rescued Shag. The dog was none the worse for his experience, but he was overjoyed to see Clif again.

A tug called at the little bay from Boston and towed the schooner back to that port. Three days later Archie went home.

He insisted that Clif should accompany him as far as New York, and when he bade him good-by he added:

"For the last time, are you going to let me help you in that matter of the Academy, old fellow?"

"For the last time I must refuse," smiled Clif.

"Then I'll do it in a way you won't discover."

"How do you mean?"

"Never mind," replied Archie mysteriously. "I'll bet you anything you want that you will be the next representative to Annapolis from your district."

"I won't bet, but I'm afraid you are mistaken."

"All right. Just you wait and see. As we say at the Academy there are more ways to down a plebe than by hitting him with an axe. Remember what I say. I'll see you with an anchor on your cap before the year is out. Good-by."

When Clif went back to Noank he missed Archie's companionship more than he had expected. The light-hearted cadet had become his warm personal friend during their brief acquaintance.

"He's a splendid fellow, and I'm glad I met him," he told his mother. "I would give a great deal to know what he meant by saying that he will see me in the Academy before the end of the year."

"You would like to become a naval cadet, my son," murmured Mrs. Faraday. "I see that very plainly."

"It is my one ambition now, mother," replied the lad wistfully. "Some day—when I have provided for you—I'll satisfy it. That is if——"

He was interrupted by a knock at the door. A boy employed



at the railway station entered with a message addressed to Clifford Faraday.

"It's some word from Archie, I suppose," said Clif, tearing open the envelope.

He read the words, then his face paled and reddened again.

"It—it can't be true," he gasped. "Oh, mother, just listen."

In a faltering voice—a voice faltering with excess of joy—he read:

"Boston, July 3, 189—.

"Clifford Faraday, Noank, Conn.:

"You will oblige the undersigned by visiting their office as soon as convenient. Your share of the salvage on the schooner Mary E. Jackson has been adjudged at five thousand dollars. That amount will be paid you on demand.

"Jackson & Floyd, Owners."

"Five thousand dollars?" echoed the widow in a dazed manner. "You are to be paid five thousand dollars? Clifford, it's a cruel joke."

"No mother," cried Clif, dancing about the room. "It is true, I know it is. That reporter said something about salvage, but I didn't think anything about it then. Hurrah! it is the greatest piece of good fortune we've ever met. It means that we can pay the debt on the house, and you will be able to get lots of things. You know you wanted a warm dress for the winter and——"

"Always thinking of my comfort," interrupted Mrs. Faraday, smiling through her tears. "What about you, son? Won't it mean something to you? You can now satisfy the ambition you were just speaking about and——"

"Go to the Naval Academy," cried Clif, giving her a hug. "I can do it at last," he hesitated, then added gravely, "that is, if I can win the appointment at the next competitive examination."

"You can do it, I am sure."

"I don't know, mother. There will be lots of fellows after the prize. I will have plenty of antagonists. I heard before we left Hartford that Judson Greene intends to compete."

"That mean boy? Surely not."

"He's a scamp, but his father is rich and he has any amount of influence. Judson boasts that he can get anything he wants, but he'll have to fight me pretty hard in this case."

"Can't Archie help you?" asked Mrs. Faraday. "He——"

"Gorry! I'll wager anything I owe this to Archie Bland," interrupted Clif.

"What do you mean, son?"

"This salvage money. He has evidently used his father's influence to cause the owners of the Mary E. Jackson to award me the money. Bless his old heart! He was bound to see me in possession of enough funds anyway."

"You deserve it," said his mother, softly, "and I sincerely hope and pray you will succeed in entering the Naval Academy."

"I'll do it if I have to study night and day, and compete with a hundred fellows like Judson Greene."

And his tone indicated that he meant every word of it.

The next number (2) of the Army and Navy Weekly will contain "Winning a Naval Appointment; or, Clif Faraday's Victory," by Ensign Clarke Fitch, U. S. N.



# BOYS IN THE FORECASTLE

## A FASCINATING TALE OF REAL LIFE AT SEA

By George H. Coomer

### SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PUBLISHED IN "GOOD NEWS."

Robert Allen and Tom Dean, two chums living a few miles outside of Providence, R. I., obtain the consent of their parents to go to sea, and ship as boys before the mast on board the full-rigger *Ganges*, bound for Canton, China. After several weeks at sea, during which the boys experience a number of thrilling adventures, the Cape de Verde Islands are sighted. While passing the islands a large cask is seen floating on the surface of the water. It is picked up and opened, and to the amazement of all on board is found to contain a negro, evidently a Moor. He explains by signs that he had been the captain of a Moorish brig-of-war, and that his crew had mutinied and set him adrift in the cask with the intention of turning the brig into a pirate. Several days later an American vessel flying a signal of distress is encountered. Her captain reported that he had been attacked by a Moorish pirate who had stripped his craft of everything valuable. The *Ganges* ultimately sights a brig-of-war which is recognized by the Moor as his vessel. After a severe naval battle, during which the Moor is killed, the pirate is sunk. The *Ganges* finally reaches the Indian Ocean, and the anchor is dropped off Port Louis, in the Isle of France. While Bob and Tom are ashore they are "pressed" by a gang of English men-of-war's men, and are carried on board the British frigate *Solway*, which shortly after leaves port with a convoy of merchant vessels.

### CHAPTER X.

#### THE TABLES TURNED.

**A**FTER a few days the boys found much to console them in their new situation. The duties were not severe, and they hourly learned something of naval life. The British tars they found to be careless, jolly fellows, like those on board the *Granges* although somewhat less intelligent, and more given to pugnacity toward each other. Here every man had his allotted place—his station in working ship, and his position among the company of a particular gun.

Among the marines our heroes saw the men to whom they owed their present condition. Tom Byrne, the soldier of whom the corporal had inquired the state of the weather, was a frank, impulsive Irishman.

"Yees give the corporal and Bill Brown, there, a couple of murdering cracks on the pate, yees did!" he said slyly and with a gratified twinkle of his eyes. "For the life of me, I had to laugh to see it!"

"Yes," said Bob Allen, "and we would have whipped the two scoundrels handsomely if the other four of you had not interfered!"

"Yees wud, yees wud! sure an' yees wud! But not a paw did Tom Byrne put on yees to yer har-um! I was glad ye give the corporal and the other Englishman a taste! They didn't get over it yet!"

"And I hope they never will!" said Tom Dean. "I would take either of the beef-eating John Bulls singly in a fair fight, and stand my chance!"

"Isn't that the fine boy, now? I'd bet on ye, lad, or either of yees!"

"I like your countrymen," said Bob Allen. "I've read of Sarsfield and O'Brien, and the battle of Fontenoy, where they cut down the English like grass."

"Yer right, yer right, lad! Ye may say it. 'Twas the Irish brigade that turned the fight! 'Tis done, marshal!" said O'Brien to Saxe, when the other came; and 'twas done, indeed! Success to the green flag, say I, an' bad luck to the beef-eating villains that wud kapeould Ireland from her right!"

The convoy sailed very heavily, so that the seventy-four was obliged all the time to keep under short canvas in order not to leave the merchantmen out of sight.

In latitude ten south, where the trade wind in the

Indian Ocean ceases and the monsoons begin, the weather was so calm that the vessels hardly made a mile's progress for several days, and the British captain swore because he feared that the great periodical breeze which blows half the year from northeast and the other half from southwest would be changed from the latter direction before he could fairly strike it.

At length, however, a breeze filled the sails, and the fleet, passing the Straits of Sunda, was soon plowing the China Sea.

The boys were already pleasing themselves with the hope that in a few days an opportunity might be given them of deserting at Manila, when one forenoon a sail was reported from aloft, and soon after another.

The strangers were directly astern, and from the manner in which they gained on the British squadron, were apparently making six knots an hour, while the latter accomplished only four.

It was presently discovered that the pursuers were two heavy frigates, mounting probably fifty guns each; and for these, should they prove to be enemies, the commander of the seventy-four considered himself a match.

In a few hours little doubt remained that they were French; and then the man-of-war's decks being cleared for action, she dropped behind her convoy, in the meantime sending up the cross of St. George at her mizzen, as with maintop sail aback she lay awaiting the issue.

The scarlet ensign was instantly answered from the coming ships by the red, white and blue of France.

When the headmost of the two pursuers had come within musket shot, the seventy-four gave her a broadside. She immediately luffed up and returned it, and from this moment the firing was incessant.

The second of the enemy's ships soon joined her consort in the fight, and then both endeavored to gain advantageous positions upon the bow and quarter of the *Solway*.

The force opposed to him being divided, it became impossible for the British commander to avoid a raking fire from the one or the other of his antagonists; and although the heavy broadsides of the ship of the line told with great effect, she suffered so much as in the course of an hour to have become unmanageable. Her main topmast, fore and mizzen topgallant masts and spanker boom and gaff had been shot away, her fore and fore topsail yards cut completely in two, and her jib boom sent crashing under her bows.



But the Solway's captain was a rugged British tar, and the fight he made was worthy of Hawke or Duncan. With blood running from his scuppers, half his guns dismounted, and his ship a wreck, he still kept the red cross at his mizzen and doggedly struggled against certain defeat.

Against the ship on his weather bow he could bring only one twenty-four pounder to bear, and against her consort on his quarter, not a single gun; yet "the meteor flag of England" he could not yet endure to strike. In the mizzen top, where our youngsters were stationed, every person save themselves had been killed.

The head of the mast was splintered, and the top itself so torn that the foothold was unsubstantial.

The boys had at first fired their muskets like the others, always, however, taking care to aim wide from the enemy; but now, when left alone, they laid down their guns and watched the battle.

"I thought," said Tom Dean, "a Frenchman was no fighter on water; but I guess the fellows will be enough for us!"

"I guess they will, too," said Bob. "If they'll only take us I shall be glad, for then we'll tell them how it is, and they'll let us go. It seems to me that I am almost willing to be killed for the sake of seeing these Englishmen get such a drubbing!"

"I don't believe," said Tom, "we shall see anything a great while! How the shot whistle! There goes the mizzen stay! But what I'm surprised at is that we don't feel more afraid!"

"O," said Bob, "a person isn't much afraid in battle; it is when he thinks of it afterward that it looks dangerous to him. You know how it was when we fought the pirate. Hello! Look out for yourself! Hold on!"

A twenty-four pound ball had struck the mast, and the top swayed with an inclination like the deck of a ship in a storm.

Our boys clutched the topmast shrouds, but felt themselves going, and in a few moments they were in the water. The mizenmast had gone by the board!

The lads were both excellent swimmers, and they struck out for the nearest ship of the enemy. As they reached her side a tremendous explosion behind them seemed to shake sea and sky. Looking around they saw the whole air ablaze, but nothing of the Solway! Where she had been, the water was whirling and foaming as if a whole magazine of powder had been discharged beneath it; and then there was a rain of timbers and spars and guns. The British seventy-four had blown up.

Our heroes scrambled up the side of the Frenchman, assisted by those on board, and search was then made for such of the Solway's crew as might have survived the explosion. Only seven, however, were found, but to their great satisfaction the boys perceived one of these to be Tom Byrne, the Irishman.

"Be jabbers, I've had a ride on a broom, like an old witch!" he said; "but the corporal he didn't come down yet!"

The French commander, Monsieur Le Brune, who could master a little broken English, questioned the survivors as to the name of their ship, the destination of her convoy, and other particulars; and Tom and Bob hastened to tell him their story.

"Ah, oui, oui! zat ees de vay," he said. "Zese Ingleese zay take de mans from all sheeps! Vat say you go vid me—be leetle Frenchmans—serve ze emperor, ze grand Napoleon?"

Our boys were not backward in expressing their admiration of the great emperor; but they explained to Captain Le Brune the difficulties under which an enlistment in the French navy would place them, in view of their attachment to home and country, and he evidently respected their feelings.

A like proposition was made to the other seven, and two of them accepted it; but Tom Byrne and four of his companions chose captivity instead.

"No," said Tom, "I'm an Irishman, and an Englishman to me is Sathan's own pisen; but it's not Tom Byrne that'll be goin' back on his agraymint! I enlisted because it was enlist or shtarve, an' shmall the love I had for thim! But a man's wor-ud is his wor-ud, and I'm a British marane till me time's out!"

The French ships were so greatly crippled that they made no attempt to overtake the convoy, which had all the while been standing off to the northward.

They continued under easy sail, repairing damages, and next day a ship was discovered coming up the sea

before a moderate breeze carrying all her high kites and all her studding sails on both sides.

The Gallic commander wanted to cross her hawse; but lest, if she were English, she might take alarm and avoid him, he kept his two ships on their course, standing off from her but making little headway.

As topsails, courses, and hull successively rose to view, our two lads gazed upon the approaching stranger with more and more interest.

"Yes," said Bob, "that's the Ganges, I'll bet anything! The old man is carrying all the high flyers, ain't he?"

"I'm afraid it isn't she, after all," said Tom Dean; "but it does look like her, sure enough."

As she came nearer, there remained in the boys' minds no further doubt of her identity; and, going aft, hat in hand, to Captain Le Brune, they told him of their desire to be returned to her.

"O, yes," he said; "I will give him ze hail; but I vas hope you like ze French sairveece. You make one two grand sailor!"

The captain of the Ganges, evidently seeing that the vessels ahead of him were ships of war, sent up his flag at the fore as he approached; and the courtesy was instantly acknowledged on board the two frigates, each of which unrolled the imperial ensign from her mizzen.

Captain Le Brune, hailing the American, informed the commander of the Ganges of what had transpired, and the desire of "ze two boys" to get once more on board the vessel to which they belonged. The Canton ship, therefore, taking in her studding sails, came up in the wind, having first run some little distance past the Frenchmen; and great was the joy of our little heroes when they again stepped on her deck.

The French commander then bid Captain Tillinghast a graceful adieu, and the vessels parted company, the Granges outsailing the frigates. That night our little adventurers were lions in the forecabin, and warm were their praises of the polite Frenchman who commanded the La Vendee.

## CHAPTER XI:

### THE WRECK.

It was not in the nature of the boys to hold malice, and with the joy of their escape all animosity toward the English was forgotten. They commiserated the fate of the British captain and his crew, and told the sailors of the Ganges with what heroic courage the blood red cross had been sustained at the peak of the seventy-four. Still, though the courage of Albion's tars drew from their young hearts an admiration as solid as that which inspired it, a more glowing and soul-felt enthusiasm was awakened by their remembrance of the French, their deliverers; that courteous and gallant people who would never forget the politeness due to an enemy even while cutting off their heads!

These sentiments were heartily responded to by the old tars, every one of whom entertained a liking for the French.

Never had the boys seen the Ganges in more shipshape condition than now; not even when, all ready for setting sail, she had lain at anchor in Providence River, on the day when Jack Bruce threw away his silver dollar. Newly painted at Mauritius, she glittered fore and aft, and the row of false ports along her side was bright as a contrast of white and black could make it.

It was now the middle of fall, and the southwest monsoon had given way to variable winds; but Captain Tillinghast felt in hopes of reaching Canton before the final setting in of the six months' blow from the northeast, so tedious to those bound up the China Sea.

For some days the weather was favorable; but at length the sky grew wild, and there set in a tremendous sea; so that although the breeze was not strong, the captain, apprehending a typhoon, sent down his topgallant masts—an operation which sailors of the present day would hardly know how to perform, but to which those of the old school were accustomed, as there were then no professional riggers on shore, and every seaman was required to know how to take his ship all to pieces aloft, and how to put her together again. Now, a topgallant mast may blow away if it will, for nobody knows how to get it down!



Bob and Tom went up with the tars; for Mr. Olney told them they were old enough to learn, and should be able to do something more than "and, reef and steer." He himself, from the deck, took a general command of the work, while Mr. Drew the second mate, and Mr. Brown, the new third mate, who had been shipped at Mauritius, went aloft with those who were "turned to" on the job.

How eagerly our youngsters watched Jack Bruce and Davy and Dick and Ben Day sling the skysail, royal and topgallant yards, sending them down end foremost, till they reached the deck, and then, casting off the seizings of the topgallant shrouds and stays, send those heavy spars down in like manner.

"There," said Jack Bruce to the boys; "you come up with your rigging in this way; then you get your turn here; then you clear the foot of your topgallant mast; then you ease away softly—see?"

They saw, but they could not have done it; though it was certain that they were now learning much. To "come up" with a rope, as Jack used the expression, means to slack or let go.

At last, from aloft, the typhoon was seen raging at a distance; but, as it moved in a circle, its direct approach was slow, and there appeared a strong probability that the ship could be kept out of it. Its edge was clearly enough defined; but so immense was the circumference of the great wheel that to those who now looked upon it, the far reaching border seemed to be perfectly straight. The sailors, however, knew that it must be circular, from what they had heard or experienced of typhoons.

There was no difficulty in avoiding its course, as the ship was fortunately not far enough to the eastward to be endangered; the hurricane apparently traveling from north to south, on the east side of the sea, and not extending far to the west. It may have lasted for several days, all the while with a general inclination toward the south not very fast, but with revolutions of astonishing speed in its own circle.

This danger passed, the Ganges again sent up her top hamper, and stood off up the sea, carrying everything that would draw. But the weather very soon became wretched; squall succeeding squall, and whistling gales coming from west, from northwest, and from north. "Der dyphoons," said Davy Dorn, "haf been draveling about unt stirring up all her Shina Zee; unt dese ish der young ones, shust hatched unt left pehiut! Der veller ve seed more as dree days pack vash un olt he one!" And the excellent Hollander, having thus delivered himself, hitched up his duck trousers, turned his quid, and spat over the lee rail.

Shortly afterwards, an object which had the appearance of a wreck was discovered ahead, and there was presently made out a signal of distress flying from a dismasted vessel.

On board of her there could be seen, besides a number of men, fully a dozen women and children lashed to the stumps of the masts. But it now blew a furious gale, and all that Captain Tillinghast could do was to lie by the forlorn sufferers in hopes of better weather.

The vessels soon drifted wide apart, and when night came on, it was with feelings of intense anxiety and pity that our youngsters, looking far out through the dusk, saw the unfortunate hulk fade entirely from sight, to roll and tumble in the desolate sea until morning, should she float so long.

By sunrise the wind had fallen to a moderately fresh breeze. The Ganges again stood for the wreck. The yawl was now lowered, with the second mate at the tiller, and only the two boys at the oars, since it was necessary that her crew should be light in order that she might accommodate as many as possible of the shipwrecked company.

In order to provide against accident she carried a line which led back to the Ganges, so that Captain Tillinghast was not afraid to risk his boys, who, should the boat be capsized, could easily be hauled on board the ship.

Swung hither and thither like a cork in a washtub, the little yawl was pulled to windward, the heads of the boys being sometimes out of sight from the vessel as they went down in the trough of the sea. But the wreck was reached, and, with all the women and children, the boat returned. The male passengers and the crew were next cared for, and thus all were finally rescued.

The unfortunate vessel was the Spanish ship Estremadura, Captain Don Felipe de Vimera, from Cadiz for

Manila; and Captain Tillinghast, who knew something of the Castilian language, learned that the last typhoon had whirled the masts out of her like reeds, and carried to destruction more than half of her crew and passengers.

Never were sufferers more generously cared for than were those dark-eyed Spaniards on board the good Canton ship. At length, the latitude of Luzon being "come up with," Captain Tillinghast stood in Manila Bay, where the unfortunate people were put on shore among those of their own race and language.

Next morning, when the Ganges went out of Manila, the northeast monsoon blew a strong and steady breeze; but the ship had now so much "easting" that such a wind became almost fair, it being only a little forward of the beam.

The outward voyage was at last nearly ended, and the impatient captain carried sail till it seemed as if the topgallant masts would jump out of the ship. In three days from her leaving Manila, she made the mouth of Canton River; and that night the boys took their turns at anchor watch while she swung to her cables under the island of Hong Kong.

## CHAPTER XII.

### A STARTLING ALTERNATIVE.

Next morning, the Ganges, getting under way with the flood tide, proceeded up the river toward Whampoa, which, situated sixty miles above Hong Kong, and fifteen miles below Canton, is the place where all foreign vessels trading to the latter port discharge and load, as they are not permitted to go farther up.

Those were not the days of steam tugs, and therefore the ship depended wholly upon the monsoon, which she was enabled to take abeam. The curiosity of the boys was unbounded as scene after scene opened along the vessel's curse, new and unique as everything was to them.

The immense multitude of boats along the river occasioned great wonder, while the costume and outlandish manners of the beings who peopled this marvelous flotilla proved sources of the utmost interest. It seemed to Bob and Tom as if they had all at once been removed to some planet at a vast distance from earth.

The ship was about ten hours going up the river, and a little after sunset dropped anchor before Whampoa. Here the same wonderful panorama of life went on. Men, women, and children along the shores, and upon the water, were more numerous than rats in an old wharf. The boys lay long awake in the forecabin, talking of what they had seen, and trying to realize that New England lay bottom up to them, straight down through the ground.

The following day being Sunday they had leisure to look about. In the market they saw rats, puppies, and all manner of queer animals and birds exposed for sale as delicacies for the table, and they saw on every hand a squalor, degradation, and immorality of which they had never dreamed. How different were the sights in this Chinese ant hill from anything they had witnessed in the beautiful Isle of France, or even at Manila. In fact, they were almost ready to accept the summary conclusion of Davy Dorn, who, smiling in his calm Dutch way at their exhibition of mingled amazement and disgust, remarked:

"Vell, poys, vat you dink of dese beebles? Dey vashn't bigs, unt dey vashn't borpoises; dey vash some-dings py demzelfs. Der human race leaps off stoost before it gets to the Chinamans, unt dere vash no other race pegins, so dey vash nopoty at all!"

Captain Tillinghast found that the Ann and Hope had sailed for home before his arrival; but he deposited the thirty thousand dollars in safe keeping at the American "hong;" for most nations trading to China have their separate "hongs" or markets, so that there are the American, English, French, and Spanish "hongs," with perhaps some others.

The Ganges immediately discharged her cargo, but did not for some time begin taking in; and the boys, during the period of delay, found various opportunities of going up to Canton.

The great city they found to be merely Whampoa a hundred times multiplied. There they wandered into singular nooks and corners, sometimes passing along streets so narrow as to mind one of Burns' description of the "auld brig" or bridge, of the town of Ayr:

"Where twa wheelbarrows tremble when they meet,"



only that some of the public ways of Canton would hardly admit of the passage of one wheelbarrow.

At length the Ganges commenced loading. Bob and Tom were glad to hear the creaking of the hoisting gear as the boxes of tea, the bales of silk, and the crates of beautiful pottery were taken on board, for they had been long enough in Canton River, and had grown impatient for the start homeward.

As many Chinese as could be employed to advantage were set at work about the ship, some on deck and others in the hold. Many of the other foreign vessels in port gave employment to these patient and cheap 'long-shoremen'; but at length in this connection there occurred one of the most thrilling and startling contingencies which our young heroes had yet witnessed.

There lay close to the Ganges a Scotch ship from Leith, called the Stirling Castle; and one day a Chinaman, named Voo Chow, while at work on board of her, was instantly killed, in consequence of the giving way of a purchase wheel that had been suspended over the fore hatch, and which struck him on the head with terrible force.

The body, being placed in one of the river boats alongside, was taken on shore; and, from that moment, every Chinaman engaged upon a foreign vessel discontinued work. In fact, all the quaint pig tails and wide trousers vanished silently and instantly, just as beavers go into their holes when they hear a human footstep.

Our youngsters, with some of their shipmates, witnessed the accident, and Captain Tillinghast, from the deck of the Ganges, hailed the Scotch shipmaster, who said that the wheel "cam sic a gate it gied the mon an unco clout upo' the head, an' brak his skull." And, soon after, the good North Briton called attention to the exodus in progress from all the vessels at hand.

Nothing more was heard of the matter that day, but the following morning the Stirling Castle was visited by a pompous official with an interpreter and a number of soldiers, whose appearance reminded Bob and Tom of the snow men they had been wont to make at home in the dear old lot back of the schoolhouse, for the transactions could be observed as plainly from the deck of the Ganges as if the scene had been on board of her.

The interpreter informed Captain McDugald of a Chinese law to the effect that in case of the killing, whether accidentally or otherwise, of any native of the country on board a foreign vessel in the port, some one of the ship's crew must be delivered to the authorities to be put to death. The law, he said, was inexorable, and, should the Scotch captain refuse to recognize it, all the vessels from Christian lands would in the meantime be forbidden to discharge, load, or put to sea.

Such a regulation formerly existed at Canton, but it is probably at present a dead letter.

Captain McDugald refused compliance, and for three days the European and American vessels lay idle. All trade with them was suspended.

The various shipmasters met in consultation, and endeavored by every means in their power to avert so awful a tragedy as the murder of an innocent man for the sake of a mere formula. But the Canton authorities, even if they would, could not have annulled an immemorial law of the land; and to have petitioned so stupid a creature as the Chinese emperor, away off Peking, would have been useless and even dangerous. The officials had too much love for their own heads to dream of such impertinence, and, besides, they were entirely satisfied with the regulation as it was.

A condition of things so remarkable impressed the boys deeply. Every day they went on board the Stirling Castle to talk sympathetically with two or three young lads like themselves.

"We may nae see the Frith of Forth again!" said one of these youthful Scots. "It a' lies wi' Captain McDugald. Gin he haulds oot, we may tread Scottish yird ance mair!"

"Na, na, Jock!" said another, "it doesna depen' on Captain McDugald. Gin he haulds oot, we'll ne'er get awa frae here, an' gin he doesna hauld oot, there's ane o' us will ne'er get awa; so it's the deil's ain mess a' aroun'!"

Hard as it must have been for him, the Scotch captain at last yielded. No one blamed him, for what else could he do?

It was decided that lots should be drawn on board the Stirling Castle, and when Bob and Tom heard that this was to be done, they felt great anxiety for the three smooth-faced boys with whom they had talked of Bruce and Wallace, Burns and Tannahill.

But the lot fell on the oldest sailor of the crew, one who had served with Nelson at the Nile, and who, when a boy, had stood on Rodney's deck as he bore down on the Count de Grasse.

The brave old tar, after taking a solemn farewell of his shipmates, was carried on shore by the Chinese, and, in a couple of hours, brought back to the ship, dead.

Our youngsters, inspired partly by a boyish curiosity, and partly by a much more commendable feeling, were on board the Stirling Castle at the melancholy reception of the corpse.

No trace of injury could anywhere be discovered on the body, although the most minute inspection was made by Captain McDugald and his men, and the manner in which the doomed sailor was put to death could not be ascertained.

No sooner was the dreadful ordeal over than permission was given for all the many shipmasters to go on with their business as usual. But this wretched affair weighed upon the minds of our two young friends, and destroyed much of the pleasure they had felt at the prospect of speedily setting sail for home, though at the same time it increased their anxiety to get under way.

Captain Tillinghast and the other commanders at Whampoa now utterly refused to employ another Chinese laborer, since the lives of their own men would not for a moment be safe if made to depend on the uncertain thread of some wretched Chinaman's existence.

A pilot, however, each vessel must have to take her down the river, and when at last the Ganges, completely loaded, was about dropping from her moorings, the captain yielded her to the charge of an almond-eyed Celestial. It was with great earnestness that Bob and Tom prayed inwardly for the personal well being of this man. The impression haunted them that something evil would happen to him; and the sickening possibility that the tragedy of the Scotchman might be repeated on board the Ganges, and the names of her crew drawn from a tarpaulin hat, gave them more uneasiness than they would have confessed.

In getting under way the ship tailed a ffool of a heavy junk. Ching Chung, the pilot, jumped upon the taffrail; but at this moment the Ganges' spanker boom carried away the halyard of the junk's yard, which, coming down by the run, struck the Chinaman across the chest, knocking him breathless upon the quarter deck.

The boys ran aft to see what had happened, and stood aghast. The fatal hat, containing the names of Jack Bruce, Calico Dick, Davy Dorn, Ben Day, Robert Allen, Thomas Dean, and all others upon the old Ganges' main deck, written upon small bits of paper, seemed to rise up before them; and in no desperate strait, since their departure from home, had they felt worse than now.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)





# HOW HE WON;

OR,

## A Brave Boys Adventures.

By BROOKS McCORMICK.

### SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PUBLISHED IN "GOOD NEWS."

While out rowing in his dory, Alexander Mumpleton, or Sandy as he is called, discovers a handsome yacht adrift, and upon boarding it finds one man in the cabin under the influence of liquor. Sandy saves the sloop from being wrecked, and the owner presents him with one hundred and fifty dollars. Sandy resides with his uncle Increase and his son, and as his uncle is a miser he concludes he cannot keep him any longer, and so decides to take him to his other uncle, who lives a few miles along the coast. They start in on an old whaleboat, a storm comes up, they strike against the rocks, and the boat breaks in two in the middle. Increase Mumpleton is drowned, but Sandy is rescued by lighthouse men. A gun of distress is heard, and when Sandy and one of the lighthouse men go to the rescue it is found to be the Stella, the same yacht which Sandy before saved, and which is now on the rocks. While Sandy is endeavoring to free the yacht, Mr. Bloom, the owner, suddenly picks up a fifty-six-pound weight and jumps overboard. Aleck jumps after him and saves his life. He then takes charge of the Stella, and after exacting a promise from Mr. Bloom that he will not make another attempt at suicide, goes ashore to visit his uncle Jason. While conversing with his uncle, two men rush into the house, and applying sponges saturated with chloroform to the noses of uncle and nephew, they are soon rendered unconscious. On recovering, they find that a box containing \$30,000, left in charge of Aleck's uncle by the lad's father, has been stolen. Aleck returns to the Stella after notifying the authorities of the robbery. While he is asleep on board, his cousin Hugh and a man named Livergood (who prove to be the robbers) turn up and take the Stella from port. When Aleck awakens he finds a girl, Flora Brown, on board with him, also the box containing the money. After a series of exciting adventures Aleck and Flora secure possession of the yacht and prepare to leave a little harbor into which she had been taken. A small schooner appears from behind an island, and a man on board known to Flora hails them.

### CHAPTER XIX.

#### ANOTHER MEMBER OF THE CONSPIRACY.



“Who is Mr. Hillburg, Flora?” asked Aleck, before he replied to the schooner.

“I don’t know who he is; but I have seen him at Mr. Livergood’s house, and heard him called by that name,” replied Flora. “He looked at me so

much while I was in the room, that I thought he knew more about me than I know about myself.”

“Schooner ahoy!” shouted the man whom Flora called Mr. Hillburg, for the second time.

“The last time he was at the house, I got behind the door, and tried to hear what he said, for I thought he must be talking about me, he looked at me so sharply,” continued Flora.

She seemed to think that the presence of this man near the island meant something.

“On board the schooner!” replied Aleck to the hail. “Well, what did you hear, Flora?” he added, turning to the maiden.

“Nothing about myself: they were talking in a whisper about a cargo of something,” replied Flora.

“A cargo of something!” exclaimed Aleck, to whom the words meant more than they did to her. “Don’t let that man see you, Flora, if he has not already done so.”

“He has seen me; he looked me full in the face at the moment I saw him,” answered Flora.

“What yacht is that?” demanded the man on the deck of the stranger.

“The Stella, of Boston,” replied Aleck, giving the name of the city he had seen on the stern of the schooner. “What yacht is that?”

“The Barnegat, Captain Flushington, of New York,” replied the man whom Flora had pointed out as Mr. Hillburg. “Who is the owner of the Stella?”

“Mr. Gerald Bloom,” replied Aleck.

“Who?” demanded the stranger.

“Gerald Bloom,” repeated Aleck. “Is Captain Flushington on board?”

“That is my name,” answered he who had done all the talking.

“There is some devilry about that craft,” added Aleck, in a low tone, “for the captain has two names.”

“I am sure the man that called himself Captain Flushington is Mr. Hillburg,” said Flora.

“Is your owner on board?” demanded the captain of the Barnegat, whatever his name might be

“He is not.”

“Who is on board?” asked Hillburg, and his tones indicated that he was not a little irritated about something.

“I am!” replied the skipper of the Stella, as he put the helm up and allowed the yacht to fill away.

“Is there no one but a boy on board?” shouted the captain of the Barnegat.

“That’s all,” shouted Aleck, as the breeze carried him out of hailing distance of the other vessel.

“Hold on! Who is that girl on board?” yelled the captain of the Barnegat, as he ordered the man at the wheel to fill away.

Aleck made no reply to this question, but the other schooner, which was carrying gaff topsails, and was somewhat larger than the Stella, braced up her sails, and soon showed that she could sail the faster of the two, with her greater press of sail. In less than half an hour she had lapped her bow over the stern of the Stella, on the weather side, and had begun to take the wind out of her sails.

“Stella ahoy!” shouted Hillburg again.

“On board the Barnegat!” replied Aleck, when he saw that he could not easily get away from his pursuer, for he could not leave the wheel to set the gaff topsails or the jib topsail.

“You had better answer me when I ask you a question, young man,” continued Hillburg.

Aleck was confident this was his right name, or at least the one under which he sometimes passed.

“I have answered all your questions.”

“No, you haven’t! I asked you who that girl was.”

“Susan Green,” replied Aleck, with a smile, as he looked at his companion.

“That is not her name!” protested the skipper of the Barnegat, with no little wrath in his tones.

“It’s as much her name as yours is Flushington,” retorted Aleck, as he looked over the deck of the other schooner to ascertain, if he could, how many hands she carried, for it began to look as though he had got out of one scrape only to stumble, almost in the twinkling of an eye, into another, and possibly a worse one.

“I don’t want any of your impudence, young man!” growled Hillburg.

“And I can get along without any of yours!” retorted Aleck.

“Don’t be saucy to him, Aleck, please don’t,” interposed Flora, in a low tone.

“I’m not afraid of him, and I mean to keep my end up,” replied the skipper. “I tried to get away from him, and he is sticking his nose into my pie.”



"Keep a civil tongue in your head, or I will board you and teach you better manners!" returned Hillburg. "I asked you for the girl's name."

"And I gave you the name of Susan Green," replied Aleck, promptly.

"That is not her name!"

"All right! If you know her name, why do you ask me what it is?" said Aleck, as he started his sheets a little.

He kept her away as he did so, and the distance between the two vessels began to widen. Aleck had taken the measure of the crew of the Barnegat, and he was confident she had only a negro, who was in the waist, and the man at the wheel, besides Hillburg himself. This was a very small ship's company for a yacht, though quite large enough to manage her in any weather. Hillburg ordered the negro to start the fore sheet.

The skipper of the Barnegat was evidently mad all the way through him, and it began to look as though he intended to discipline the bold skipper of the Stella. He slackened the main sheet himself, and gave an order to the man at the wheel, which Aleck could not hear. In a few minutes the other yacht had resumed her former position.

"Stella ahoy! Now, young man, if you can't keep a civil tongue in your head, and answer my questions, I will give you a lesson that you will remember as long as you live!" said Hillburg, in an imperious tone.

"I don't know of any reason why I should answer your questions if I don't choose to do so," replied Aleck.

"If you don't answer me, I will give you a reason for doing so!" returned Hillburg, in the most overbearing manner. "Is Mr. Dornwood on board of the Stella?"

"I don't know Mr. Dornwood," replied Aleck, sharply. "Whoever he is, he is not on board of the Stella."

"Dornwood!" exclaimed Flora. "That is the name!"

"What of it, Flora? I never heard the name before in my life," added Aleck.

"That's the name that Livergood used when he said somebody was at the hotel in Riverhaven. I forgot it, but I told you it began with D.," she explained.

"It must be someone who is connected with me in some way."

"Where did you find that girl?" demanded Hillburg.

"I didn't find her; she found herself," answered Aleck.

"You are saucy again. Have you been up that cove astern of us?"

"I have been up there a little way. Do you own that cove, as well as the Atlantic Ocean?" asked Aleck, who thought he had answered questions enough.

After all Hillburg had said, and the information Flora had given him, he was satisfied that the skipper of the Barnegat was connected in some way with Livergood, and that both of them were in the same conspiracy against the well-being of Flora. Whatever the owner of the Comet had done, or was still doing, to deprive the girl of her birthright, he acted as the agent of the man on the deck of the Barnegat.

He was satisfied that they had other relations than those concerning Flora, and he even thought he could give a tolerably correct description of their joint operations. He was strongly of the opinion that a revenue cutter could attend to their case better than any other craft that floated.

"Is there a schooner up that cove?" asked Hillburg, who seemed to be really in want of information, for he changed his tone very decidedly.

"Yes; the Comet went into the cove this morning, and she is there now," returned Aleck, hoping this news would satisfy Hillburg, and induce him to leave the Stella to pursue her voyage to Riverhaven.

"All right! Now I want that girl sent on board of the Barnegat, for I am satisfied you have stolen that yacht and run away with Flora Livergood!" said the skipper of the Barnegat.

"The yacht was left in my care by the owner, and I did not run away with the girl. That is all I have to say about it," answered Aleck.

"I shall return the girl to her father. I am going to run up alongside of you, and unless you will deliver the girl peacefully when I send a boat for her, I will take her out of the vessel! Do you hear me?"

"I hear you; and I will not give up the girl," replied Aleck, decidedly.

"Then if your vessel is smashed, you may charge it to your own folly," added Hillburg.

"If you attempt to come alongside this vessel, I will shoot the man at the helm!" said Aleck.

"Two can play at that game," added the skipper of the Barnegat, as he ran down into his cabin.

Of course he had gone for his revolver; but the moment he was out of sight Aleck let off his sheets, and brought the Stella about so that she was headed almost at right angles with his former course and to that of the other yacht. The man at the helm took no notice of this change, and when Hillburg came on deck again the two vessels were half a mile apart. He was gone so long that he must have stopped to load his weapon, or had not easily found it.

## CHAPTER XX.

### A SEAFIGHT OFF SPLITTOO ISLAND.

"You can help me again, Flora," said Aleck, as soon as he had changed the course of the Stella, and while Hillburg was still in the cabin of the Barnegat.

"I should be very glad to do anything I can," replied she, rising from her seat.

"I want you to steer the yacht while I set the gaff topsails on her, for the other schooner carries more sail, and beats us all the time," added the skipper, as he moved the binnacle to a convenient place on the floor of the standing room.

"But I never steered a boat in my life, and I don't know how any more than a baby," said Flora, with a smile.

"I think you are strong enough to turn the wheel, and I will show you how to do it. If you make any mistakes I shall not be far off," continued Aleck, as he gave his seat on the weather side of the wheel to her.

Placing himself on the other side he showed her just how it was done. Then he explained the compass to her, and told her to keep the arrow marked "North" on the notch in the rim of the instrument. With the standard direction to the beginners to "steer small," he asked her to try it for herself. Of course she made mistakes, but she was able to turn the wheel without any great exertion. She soon knew how to do all that was required of her.

Aleck got out the gaff topsails, and bent on the hal-yards, sheets and tacks, though he kept an eye on the steering all the time. Before he had one of the light sails in position, Hillburg came on deck again, but the two vessels were half a mile apart by this time. The Barnegat started her sheets at once and changed her course to that taken by the Stella.

The skipper of the latter could easily imagine that there had been some strong expressions used when the captain of the former returned to the deck, and found his intended victim so far from him. Very likely the man at the wheel did not relish the idea of a fight with revolvers, and he had not reported the movement of the Stella to his superior.

"The more haste the less speed!" in setting gaff topsails, for the rigging will get snarled up in spite of the best efforts; but Aleck kept cool, and in the shortest possible time he had them drawing, and could perceive their effect on the sailing of the yacht. He hastened to the wheel to relieve Flora, for he realized that the schooner was not doing her best.

"The Barnegat is putting on more sail," said Flora, as she looked astern.

"Yes; she is setting her jib topsail; but we will see what we can do as we are," added Aleck.

The wind was quite fresh, and the Stella had all the sail she ought to carry, while she was short-handed. In coming out of the cove, as Hillburg called it, Aleck had headed the yacht well to the southward, so that Splittoo Island was now far to the northward of him. He had not had time to examine his chart and determine where he was, and it was of little consequence to do so under present circumstances.

"Can you tell which vessel is going the faster, Aleck?" asked Flora, who was watching the Barnegat with the most intense interest.

"She is somewhat larger than the Stella, and I am afraid she is beating us," replied Aleck sadly.

"Oh, I hope not!" exclaimed she. "It would be terrible if that man should get me into his power."

"Don't be alarmed, Flora, for I think I can keep him at a proper distance, even if he does overhaul us," replied Aleck.

"But you said he went into the cabin for his revolver, and he is as likely to hit you as you are to hit him," suggested she.



"But you forget that I have the two yacht guns; and I shall not wait for him to come alongside of the Stella again," answered Aleck. "I can give him a few shots before he comes near enough to use his pistol."

"Perhaps he has yacht guns as well as you."

"Probably he has at least one of them; but it will be of no use to him without ammunition; and it took me some time to get mine ready."

Aleck watched the progress of the Barnegat with the deepest interest. He was satisfied that she was gaining on him, though it would take a good while for her to overhaul the Stella. Something might happen to favor him. There were three vessels in sight, though they were a long way off, and, as he was well acquainted with the Gloster fishermen, he might obtain assistance from one of them.

"Oh, Aleck!" suddenly exclaimed Flora, springing to her feet in her excitement.

"What's the matter?" asked the skipper, who saw nothing to alarm him.

"There is the Comet coming out from the island," added Flora, pointing to the northeast, where the island lay.

"That's bad, for she can head us off, and we shall have to fight two of them."

"We are certainly lost, Aleck," cried she, covering her face with her hands.

"Not a bit of it, Flora. Don't give up yet. The odds are against us, but we may come out of it all right yet," replied he, putting the helm down a little, and giving a pull to each of the sheets.

"One of them will be sure to catch us."

"I have no doubt we can outsail the Comet, for she is not a yacht, and doesn't carry as much sail as the Stella. Keep up your courage, Flora. I feel as though we could beat off both of them."

"It looks as though we were almost sure to be caught," added she.

It looked so to Aleck, but he would not give up. His fortune of thirty thousand dollars, more or less, was on the deck of the yacht, and he was bound to win in the conflict before him. The chances were against him since the Comet appeared, for she had driven him from his course, and given the Barnegat a better opportunity to come up with him. He asked Flora to take the wheel again, and she was glad to have something to do.

She had been observing Aleck as he steered the yacht, and she felt as though she could do it better than before. The skipper went to the waist, where he had left the guns, and both of them were loaded ready for use. He moved them both to the port side, and adjusted the breechings. The Barnegat was on the port quarter, maneuvering to come up with the Stella at some point ahead, while the Comet was not yet in a position to be considered at all.

At the end of an hour the Barnegat was within hailing distance of the Stella, and the time for action had come. The Comet was at least half a mile off on the starboard quarter.

Flora still had the helm, and by this time she had greatly improved in steering. She hardly removed her gaze from the compass, and practice enabled her to keep the vessel quite steady on her course.

"Stella, ahoy!" shouted Hillburg, when the pursuer had come still nearer.

Aleck decided at once to make no reply to the hail, for nothing could be gained by any more talk, when each party perfectly understood the other.

"If you don't give up that girl, I will run into you and sink you!" shouted Hillburg.

Aleck took no notice of this threat, for he was pointing the gun which contained the solid shot. In relation to each other the two vessels were in nearly the same position as though they had been at anchor, and the skipper had no allowances to make for motion, or anything else.

However it might be with the captain of the Barnegat, Aleck did not believe that the man at the helm and the negro would stand fire. They had been engaged for a peaceable occupation, even if it was in handling contraband goods, and they would not be willing to have their heads shot off by remaining at their posts on board.

Aleck did not consider himself a skillful gunner, and the most he could trust himself to do was to point the gun at the hull of the vessel, and not attempt to come down to the fine points of art. But he took the utmost care in training the piece. Hillburg did not seem to understand what he was about, or he regarded the yacht guns as harmless, as they certainly were under ordinary circumstances.

Aleck did not expect to kill or even wound any one with the shot he was about to fire; but after the experience of the morning in the cove, he was sure he could hit the vessel, and that was all he desired. He aimed at the trunk of the cabin, hoping to make the splinters fly, and merely let the captain of the Barnegat know what he could do.

"I am going to fire now, Flora. Don't be alarmed," said he to his companion, to avoid giving her a sudden start.

"I am not afraid, Aleck," she answered, with her eyes still on the compass.

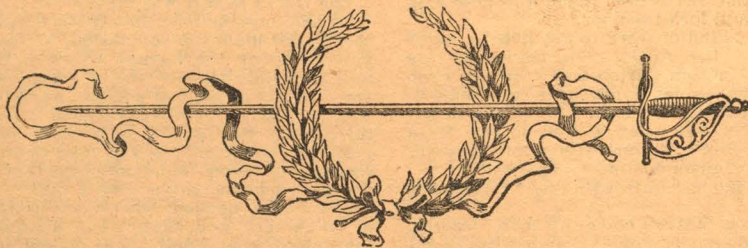
The skipper took one more sight along the gun, and then pulled the lock string. The report was quite as noisy as ever, but they were getting used to the noise, and neither of them minded it. This time the object fired at was to windward of the Stella, and the smoke all went over to leeward at once.

A tremendous shout from the standing room of the Barnegat was heard, and the vessel broached to at the same moment. It was the man at the helm who uttered the yell, as he fled from his position to the cabin. At the same moment the negro was seen in the act of disappearing through the fore-scuttle into the cook-room. Hillburg alone was left on the deck of the vessel, and he was standing on the trunk.

Aleck had not hit where he had intended; in fact, he came very near not hitting the Barnegat at all. The solid lump of lead had struck the after corner of the trunk, six feet from the point at which the gunner had aimed. But perhaps the shot had done more execution than it would had it struck in any other place, for the entire corner was ripped off, and the pieces were scattered over the standing room.

Hillburg was yelling like a madman, and calling to the helmsman.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)





# GILBERT THE TRAPPER



## OR THE HEIR IN BUCKSKIN

BY  
CAPT. C. B. ASHLEY



SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PUBLISHED IN "GOOD NEWS."

This story opens at the cattle ranch of Jack Waldron, where two of his neighbor's little boys have just arrived with the information that their father's ranch has been raided by Utes. Old Jack Waldron and his cowboys instantly go to the neighbor's assistance, and though they find his house in ruins, Mr. Wilson is unharmed, but is grieving over the loss of his two boys, whom he believes have been taken captive by the Indians. Jack Waldron makes the acquaintance of Gilbert the Trapper, a boy of seventeen, who brings him the important information that there is a general uprising among the Indians. Gilbert then suddenly disappears. During a fight a renegade named Buckskin Bob is wounded. He tells a strange tale to Jack Waldron about a boy he and another "squaw man" had found on the plains thirteen years previous. The renegade produces several slips of paper wrapped in deerskin as proof of his story. Several weeks later, after a successful campaign against the Indians, during which Mr. Wilson's boys are recovered, the mysterious documents are examined, and are found to consist of two papers, one a letter torn in half, and the other a cipher message. A lad named Gus Warren translates the latter after considerable study, and enough information is secured to cause Waldron and his companions to think that Gilbert the Trapper is the boy found on the plains. The torn letter mentions a quantity of gold nuggets the writer had secreted, and the cryptogram partly describes their location. Shortly after the solving of the cryptogram, Gus Warren and his brother Jerry lose their way while out on the plains in a sand blizzard. A few years previous to the events already described, Buckskin Bob makes a confidant of a post trader named Captain Barton, and the latter, a shrewd, unscrupulous man who sees a possible fortune in the affair, asks Bob to bring his ally, another "squaw" man called Grizzly Pete, to a conference in the trader's store. Buckskin Bob goes in search of his mate, leaving the post trader waiting for them.

### CHAPTER XVII.

#### KNAVES IN COUNCIL.

**O**F ALL the strange things that ever happened since the world began, this is the strangest," soliloquized the trader when he saw the squaw man mount his pony and ride away. "So the secret, which all the people about the post have for years been trying to fathom, is out at last, and I've got it in my keeping! Something tells me that this business had better be hurried up and got through with before Arizona Charley and Gilbert return from the Navajo nation; for if it isn't, I don't believe it will be done at all. If Gilbert isn't ready to spring something on Pete and Bob the very minute he gets back, I shall miss my guess. I wish I had thought to take a copy of that smallest paper, so that I could study on it between times. It's the queerest looking writing I ever saw."

But as the trader had not thought to take a copy of the important document, he was obliged to wait, with as much patience as he could, till Grizzly Pete came back with his partner. He had ample leisure to think over the strange story to which he had listened, and to lay out plans for the investment of his share of the miner's treasure, for it was three days before the squaw man made his appearance, in company with Buckskin Bob. Fortunately the trader was alone, and Pete took the liberty to close and lock the door.

"I had the hardest kind of work to get Bob to come here with me," said the squaw man, beginning the conversation before Captain Barton had time to open his lips, "cause he thinks I am layin' a scheme to come some kind of a trick onto him. I want you to tell him jest what I said to you when I showed you them papers t'other day. Did I say one word about cheatin' Bob outen his shar' of them dust and nuggets?"

"You never so much as hinted at it," replied the trader.

"How did I tell you that we come by them papers, anyhow?" continued Grizzly Pete. "Didn't I say—arter you had told me that you knowed well enough that the boy wasn't mine, an' that I needn't waste my time tryin' to make you think so—didn't I own up an' tell you the whole truth?"

"You certainly did," answered Captain Barton; and then he waited for the squaw man to go on and say what he had told him.

"Didn't I say," continued Grizzly Pete, "that one day when me an' Bob an' some of our Injuns was out huntin', we heard a turrible whoopin' an' yellin'; that we run up to see what the matter was, an' found that a lot of Cheyennes had surrounded a party of miners, an' was a givin' of 'em particular fits? An' didn't I tell you, furdur, that we commenced a fight with the Cheyennes that lasted two days, an' that when we drove 'em off, we found that they had killed every one of the miners 'ceptin' one little boy, who had the papers that I showed you, into his pocket?"

The trader was sharp enough to see at once why the squaw man had cooked up his story. He wanted his suspicious partner to believe that he had made an honest effort to throw the blame for the massacre (if it should ever be found out) upon the shoulders of the Cheyennes, who were the Utes' hereditary enemies.

"The Cheyennes was to blame for the death of them miners, an' not our Injuns," Grizzly Pete went on, "an' that's what I told you. I said, furdur, that the reason me an' Bob held fast to the boy was 'cause we thought he might be able to tell us something about the dust an' nuggets when he got bigger, an' we might as well have it as anybody, seein' that his paw was dead. An' I took him to the colonel, so't the Injuns couldn't give him up as a pris'n'r if they took a notion to make a treaty of any sort with the gov'munt. Is that so, cap'n?"

The trader said it was all so.

"I held out the idee that Gilbert was my boy," said the squaw man, in conclusion, "'cause thar wasn't nobody about the agency to sw'ar he wasn't, seein' that they didn't know who or what I was afore I come yer. If any of the boy's folks had found out whar he was, me an' Bob could have held out our hands for the reward they would have been willin' to pay to get him back, an' we'd a had the nuggets an' dust, too, as soon as we found out what they was hid. I call it a good scheme, cap'n; don't you?"

The trader nodded, whereupon Grizzly Pete turned to his partner, and, hitting him a back handed blow in the breast that would have floored an ordinary man, said, triumphantly:

"Thar, now; I hope you're satisfied that I ain't tryin' to come no tricks on you, ain't you?"

Buckskin Bob replied that he was perfectly satisfied; but his face told a different story.

"Wal, then," continued Grizzly Pete, "if you're satisfied that I ain't tryin' to come no tricks on you to



cheat you outen your shar' of the stuff that's hid in that canyon, pull out them dokuments so't the cap'n can take a copy of 'em. Thar's mine," he added, placing his own papers upon the counter in front of the trader.

Buckskin Bob reluctantly complied, at the same time remarking that he couldn't see why it was necessary that the captain should have a copy of the papers. If he could read them, what was the reason he did not do it at once?

"I've explained that to you more'n a hundred times already," answered Pete, impatiently. "It's like what we told the Injuns: the words that's writ onto one of them papers is big medicine, that can't be read as soon as you look at 'em. Ain't that so, cap'n? Thar's a hidden meanin' to 'em that's got to be studied out a letter at a time, an' the cap'n is the only man on the reservation that can do it. Ain't that so, cap'n?"

"It is nothing but the truth," was the reply, "and to prove it, I am willing that Bob should take a copy of it to any officer or civilian about the pos, and ask him to make sense of it. I don't expect to do it myself under a week or two, and shall think myself lucky if I work it out in that time. There's one question I forgot to ask you: have you made any effort to find this treasure?"

"Wal, I reckon," replied Buckskin Bob. "Wouldn't you have looked that canyon over a dozen times if you had known thar was a hundred thousand dollars' wuth of nuggets an' dust somewheres in it? But our lookin' didn't do no good. The secret of it is right in them thar words," added Bob, placing his finger upon the cryptogram. "How much be we goin' to give you for readin' it for us?"

"Whatever you please," added the trader, readily. "But I shall earn a third of it before I am able to tell you what is written on these papers."

He put the two pieces of the letter together and read it very easily; but the cryptogram bothered him. He scratched his head in deep perplexity while he looked at it. He had never seen or heard of one before, and was utterly at a loss to know how to go to work to solve it. The letter ran as follows:

Sweetwater Canyon, August 16, 18—.

I started from the mines six weeks ago in company with my little boy, Gilbert Hubbard Nevins, and seven men, whom I thought to be my friends, to cross the plains on my way home. My wife died almost a year ago, and I could not stay away from my friends any longer. I lived in Clayton, Mass. I have worked hard, and saved nearly a hundred thousand dollars' worth of dust and nuggets, and brought it with me on a pack mule. Since I started I have grown suspicious of my companions, three of whom are none too good to knock me on the head in order to obtain possession of my hard earned treasure. I have begun to fear I shall never see the States alive; and this feeling has so worked upon me of late, that I decided to cache my valuables, and have done so to-night while standing guard, all my companions being asleep. If I fall by the hands of my associates, the inclosed cryptogram will tell the person into whose possession it may fall, if he is smart enough to read it, where my wealth may be found. I pray Heaven that it may fall into the hands of some honest man who will see that my boy gets his rights.

Gilbert Hubbard Nevins.

"Now thar's two things that I can't see into," said Buckskin Bob, as the trader returned from the back part of the store with writing materials in his hand. "One is, why that man Nevins, if that's his name, put them papers into Gilbert's pocket. How did he know that the boy wouldn't be killed as well as himself?"

"He didn't know it," replied Captain Barton. "He took his chances on it. That was all he could do. You wouldn't have had him put the papers into the cache with the nuggets, would you? If he had done that, you never would have found them."

"That's so," said Bob, thoughtfully. "But still he might as well have done it, as to go to work an' kiver up the hidin' place of his money in sich words as them he has put into that smallest paper. That's the other thing I can't see into."

The trader said he couldn't see into it either; and then he told himself, confidentially, that he had a pretty clear idea of the object he had in view when he wrote the thing he called a cryptogram.

Mr. Nevins of course knew that his companions would not take time to study it out, and that no igno-

rant person could do it. His only hope was that, if anything happened to himself, his boy, as well as the papers that were sewed fast in his pocket, would fall into the hands of some army officer who would take interest enough in the matter to work out the cryptogram, hunt up the buried treasure, and see that Gilbert was established in his rights. If his fears proved to be unfounded, if he reached the States alive and unharmed, he could take his boy home, come back to Sweetwater Canyon, and the cryptogram would guide him to the place where his nuggets were concealed.

Captain Barton made careful copies of both the letter and the cryptogram, returned the papers to the squaw men, gave each of them a cigar, and saw them ride away toward their tepees. Then he set himself to the hardest task he had ever undertaken. Half a dozen words from any bright schoolboy would have put him on the right track at once; but not knowing where to begin, he was as helpless as one who cannot swim in deep water.

Days grew into weeks and weeks into months, and Captain Barton made no progress whatever with his work; but he succeeded in arousing the ire as well as the suspicions of Pete Axley and his friend, Buckskin Bob who told each other that their new ally was up to something.

But the squaw men were mistaken; they wronged the trader. I do not mean to say that Captain Barton would not have appropriated the entire contents of the cache to his own use if he could have seen any way to do it without risk to himself; but he couldn't. He worked hard and faithfully at the cryptogram, and with no thought of attempting a fraud upon the squaw men but the writing defied all his efforts. It kept the secret that had been confided to it.

At the end of six months Captain Barton became quite disgusted with his failure to solve the cryptogram, banged the lid of his desk upon it and the letter, and nearly got himself into serious trouble with Pete Axley by denouncing him and his partner as frauds of the worst sort. He told them that there was not a word of truth in their story, that they had deliberately deceived him, and that they and Gilbert and the nuggets and everything else that was in the cache might go to Guinea together, before he would bother his head about them any more.

Of course this made Grizzly Pete and Buckskin Bob desperately angry, but they did not "boycott" the trader on account of it, for his store was too good a loafing place, and there was no one else about there who would trust them for tobacco. They hung around him just as they had always done, hoping almost against hope that some fine day something would "turn up" in their favor, and they often surprised Captain Barton with a pencil in his hand and a piece of paper before him, working upon the cryptogram. This always encouraged them, for it proved that the trader still clung to the idea that he could probe the mystery to the bottom.

Three years passed away, and during that time all the officers of the garrison who were stationed there when Gilbert the trapper went to the Navajo nation, had been ordered to other posts, many of the old government scouts had disappeared, but Captain Barton and the squaw men still remained.

One day, while the store, as usual, was full of hangers on, the express rider employed to carry the mail once a week between the agency and Marengo, reported that on his way up he had passed a heavily loaded mule train, which was heading toward Fort Shaw.

"I didn't know any of them," said the rider, "but the head man told me that he belonged here; that this reservation is the only home he has now, though he used to have another down in Californy. He ain't nothing but a brat of a boy, but he's lightning." He's been down to the Navajo nation trading, and since he's been gone he's lost his partner, Arizona Charley, and picked up another that ain't no slouch, if there's any faith to be put in looks. Know him, any of you?"

Yes, there were three men who recognized Gilbert the trapper in this meager description of the "head man" of the train, but they were so surprised to hear this sudden and unexpected announcement of his return to the agency, that for a moment or two they could not reply to the express rider's question.

#### CHAPTER XVIII.

##### GILBERT SURPRISES THE SQUAW MEN.

During the three years that Gilbert the trapper had



been absent from the reservation he had never once been forgotten by the men who were interested in him and his fortunes; but he had been so long away that they began to fear they should not hear from him again.

Since Grizzly Pete took Captain Barton into his confidence, the trader had been impatient for the wanderer's return; but the knowledge, so unexpectedly conveyed to him, that Gilbert was within a short distance of the post and making his way toward it, almost took his breath away. His old fear that Gilbert might "spring something" on the man who claimed to be his father, came back to him with redoubled force.

There was another thing that caused Captain Barton no little uneasiness—a question that forced itself upon him and demanded an immediate answer: how should he advise Grizzly Pete to conduct himself in the boy's presence? Ought he to keep silent, or would it be better for him to walk boldly up and claim relationship?

This question bothered Pete and Bob also; but there was another that they considered to be of infinitely more importance to them: who was the new partner that Gilbert had picked up to fill Arizona Charley's place, and who was unknown to the express rider?

When Grizzly Pete told the trader that the Utes had made an end of every one of the miners who belonged to Mr. Nevins' party, he came nearer to the truth than he usually did in telling a story; but he did not know how to describe anything just as it happened. He had to keep back something in one place and add something in another in order to make his narrative suit him.

The party were not all killed, and Pete and Bob knew it well enough. Their guide, a noted scout and trapper, was shot down while in the act of riding away with Mr. Nevins' little boy in his arms; but, severely wounded as he was, he managed to get into his saddle again and continue his flight; but he left his burden behind him.

That was the way that Gilbert the trapper came to fall into the power of the two squaw men. There was not a member of the Cheyenne tribe within a hundred miles of the battle field.

Pete and Bob were not likely to forget how hard they had tried to kill or capture that man, who was well known to both of them. They felt the greatest uneasiness every time they thought of him. It is true that they had neither seen nor heard of him since the day on which the fight took place, but that was no proof that he had not got safely away with a secret in his possession which, if noised abroad, would put a rope around Pete's neck and Bob's in short order.

On the afternoon of the second day after the express rider's visit, Gilbert and his train came within sight of the post.

The news of his coming had been noised abroad, and the store was packed with squaw men, Indians, soldiers and scouts, who were waiting for him. The arrival of a party of strangers, or even of one stranger, was regarded as an event of some consequence. It was nothing new or novel, but, unless the Indians were troublesome, the life the agency people were compelled to lead was so very monotonous, that anything out of the usual line, no matter how trivial it might be, that would furnish them fresh topics for an hour's conversation, was gladly welcomed.

Gilbert the trapper, who was riding alone at the head of his train, dismounted in front of the trader's door, and the latter pressed forward to take a look at him, Grizzly Pete and his partner keeping in the background.

The trader did not know Gilbert as long as the boy kept his back toward him, but the moment he turned his face to the door he recognized him. He drew back and whispered to Pete:

"That's your boy, if I ever saw him," said he; "but don't you go to raising a fuss with him, for he's as big as you are. He has come back rich. He doesn't need any of the fortune that is hidden in Sweetwater Canyon."

"Then I wish he would give it to them that does need it," said the squaw man, in the same suppressed whisper. "See anything of his partner? That's the feller me an' Bob want to see most."

Before the trader could answer, the crowd in the doorway parted right and left and Gilbert came in. The squaw men sullenly stood their ground, while the trader could scarcely have been more obsequious if he had been receiving one of the Commissioners of Indian Affairs. He was angry at himself for exhibiting so

much nervousness in the presence of this sixteen-year-old boy, but he could not help it. However, Gilbert's first words put him quite at his ease.

"Is it possible that I have changed so much in three years that you do not recognize me, Captain Barton?" said he. Then, to the great amazement of everybody, including the express rider who had brought the news of his coming, Gilbert turned and extended his hands to the squaw men. "You are Grizzly Pete, and you are Buckskin Bob, the men who saved my life years ago," he went on. "I should have thanked you for it long before this time, but I didn't know anything about it until I had been absent from the agency more than a year, and then Arizona Charley told me."

This speech struck every one dumb. The trader opened his mouth and eyes, and looked first at the squaw men and then at Gilbert. The former were almost overwhelmed with surprise and terror, while the expression on the boy's face was a curious mixture of triumph, satisfaction and anger.

"Didn't I say that if he didn't spring something on those two men when he came back I should miss my guess?" thought Captain Barton, turning to his counter and pretending to arrange something there, so that the expression of his own face might not be seen. "I tell you our game is blocked; the boy has got the thing in his own hands. He'll pocket the treasure to which he is heir, and Pete and Bob are as good as hanged this minute."

"Why, how—where—did Arizona Charley find out anything about it?" stammered Grizzly Pete, looking very unlike the desperate fellow he was anxious to have every one think he was. "Charley wasn't thar or tharabouts, was he?"

"No; but Josh Saunders was there, and he told Charley all about it."

Grizzly Pete's face was a sight to behold while Buckskin Bob was almost ready to drop. Josh Saunders was the very man they were afraid of.

Was he still alive, and did he know where Pete and Bob were? These were the questions they wanted to ask Gilbert, but their lips refused to frame the words.

"Yes; Josh Saunders told Arizona Charley all about it," continued the young trapper; and out of the corner of his eye the trader could see that he kept his searching gaze fastened upon the two squaw men, and that he was closely watching the effect of his words. "You see Josh was guide to the party to which my father belonged, and after the Indians killed all the miners, Josh jumped on his pony and tried to carry me away to a place of safety; but a bullet knocked him out of his saddle, and he had to let me drop."

"Whar—whar's Josh now?" Buckskin Bob managed to ask.

"I don't know where he is," was the reply, and it made Bob and his partner breathe a great deal easier.

"Who's your new comrade?" was Bob's next question.

"He calls himself Texas Jim," answered Gilbert. "I paid him off about twenty miles back and let him go. He wouldn't come to the agency. He said there were people here whom he didn't care to see."

"He's been a doin' of something back in the settlements, most likely," observed Grizzly Pete.

"I didn't ask him about that. I engaged him to show me the way up here, and he performed his work to my entire satisfaction. Well, Captain Barton, what do you say?" exclaimed Gilbert, stepping up to the trader and tapping him on the shoulder. "I am after money; I'll not take a cent's worth in barter."

"Oh, shucks!" replied the captain. "I can't give you money. I haven't got it. Besides, what do you want with money in this country? You couldn't keep it, for somebody would hold you up and take it away from you."

"I will risk that," said Gilbert, with a laugh. "Of course if you haven't got any money, we can't trade; and as the law will not permit me to sell my goods to anybody but you on this reservation, I shall have to go elsewhere."

"Where are you going?" exclaimed Captain Barton, when the boy moved toward the door.

"I don't know, and I don't much care. I've plenty of time at my disposal. I shall keep going until I find a cash customer, if I have to go clear to St. Louis."

This did not by any means suit Captain Barton, who knew that most of the goods that came from the Navajo nation, especially the blankets, commanded a ready sale at figures that would yield him a big profit. The



gaudy colors of the blankets never failed to attract the eye of the Indian, who would give anywhere from two to half a dozen ponies for a pair of them, according to his wealth; and if you call the ponies worth twenty to forty dollars each, you can easily figure up what the blankets would bring.

With some such thoughts as these in his mind, Captain Barton beckoned Gilbert to the back part of the store, and held an earnest conversation with him. The boy was not so hard to please as the trader thought he was going to be, and the result was that in less than five minutes the store had been cleared of every one of the loafers, and Gilbert's men were busy unloading the mules and carrying in the goods.

At the end of two hours he had sold the trader everything he had, mules, pack saddles and all, reserving only his riding horse and weapons, paid off his hands, and disappeared down the trail he had followed in coming to the agency. When he was out of sight the trader opened the door and admitted Grizzly Pete and Buckskin Bob.

"What took him away in such a hurry?" inquired the former, whose face had not yet resumed its natural color. "Thar's something about this whole business that makes me feel all over as if a feller had come up behind me an' dropped a piece of the coldest kind of ice down my jacket."

"I don't feel just right myself," said the trader, "although I don't know why I should be afraid. There's a present he left for you two," he added, placing his hands upon two pairs of blankets that were lying on the counter.

"I wouldn't tech 'em for no money in this wide world," exclaimed Pete, seizing the arm that Bob had thrust out toward the articles in question. "Don't you see what color they are?"

"What is the matter with their color?" asked Captain Barton. "They are a deep red, like a good many others I purchased from him; but that's just the sort to take an Indian's eye."

"That's 'cause an Injun likes blood, an' I don't," said Pete, with a shiver. "What'll you give me for mine?"

"Oh, that is what troubles you, is it? Well, I don't wonder at it. I will give you the value of two ponies for them. Is it a bargain?"

"Say four, an' take 'em along. You know you will never sell 'em for less'n six."

"I don't know anything of the sort," replied the trader, who was sure that he would get the blankets at his own valuation. "Two is as high as I can afford to go."

The squaw man, knowing by experience that Captain Barton meant just what he said, gruffly told him to "take 'em;" and then announced that he was ready to hear what Gilbert had to say for himself.

"He didn't say one word," replied the trader, in a disappointed tone. "I tried to pump him, but he wouldn't be pumped. He talked business and nothing else."

"Do you know whar he is gone? He was a lumberin', the last glimpse I ketcht of him as he went over the swell. I don't reckon that thar's a hoss about the agency that could a' kept up with him."

"I don't know anything about it," repeated Captain Barton, "but I have my suspicions. He has come back after the property he is left heir to, and he is going to get it."

"That's what I suspicioned myself," said Bob. "Do you reckon he remembers anything about it?"

The trader uttered an exclamation of impatience and said: "Of course not. He was too young to remember anything at the time his father was killed."

"I'd like to know who that new pardner of his'n is," said Grizzly Pete, "an' I don't reckon I shall sleep sound till I find out. It's mighty botherin' to a feller to have something hangin' over him all the time when he don't know what it is or when it's goin' to drop on him."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## THE \$500 CHECK;

OR,

### Jacob Marlowe's Secret.

By HORATIO ALGER, Jr.,

Author of "Adrift in the City," "Frank and Fearless," "Dan, the Detective," "A Boy's Fortune," etc.

#### SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PUBLISHED IN "GOOD NEWS."

This story opens in the village of Lakeville, where the hero, Herbert Barton, resides. Herbert meets an old man, Jacob Marlowe, and discovers that he is his uncle just returned from California. He inquires his way to the house of Squire Marlowe, the magnate of the town, who has a purse-proud wife and upstart son, a boy about Herbert's age. He is received here with open arms, but when he intimates that he has lost the money he made in California, his worthy nephew determines to get rid of him. Accordingly he informs Uncle Jacob that his wife has been taken suddenly ill, and he must bring his visit to a close. Uncle Jacob goes to Herbert Barton's house and is cordially received by Bert's mother, who invites him to make it his permanent home. After a few days he leaves for New York on a matter of business. Bert is discharged from Marlowe's factory, where he had been employed for some time, and in consequence Bert and his mother soon find themselves out of money. Until now Bert had supposed that his father was dead, but a certain incident compels his mother to confess that the husband and father had fled to Canada to escape imprisonment for the theft of several government bonds, of which he was entirely innocent. Bert goes to New York at the invitation of Jacob Marlowe, and is immediately sent to Harrisburg to search for a man supposed to have a clue to the guilty parties in the bond robbery. Not finding his man there, he is led by a chain of circumstances into joining a theatrical company. He plays with them in several cities, including Chicago, and finally runs across in Peoria, Ills., the sister of the man he is seeking. After gaining considerable information from her, he leaves the company and returns to Chicago.

#### CHAPTER XXXV.

##### SUCCESS COMES STRANGELY.

ON his return to Chicago, Bert went back to Mrs. Shelby's boarding-house, and was cordially received. His board bill was but six dollars a week, and he took care not to spend any money unnecessarily for outside expenses.

About the middle of the week he received a letter from Uncle Jacob, to whom he had telegraphed his movements. This is an extract therefrom:

You will be surprised to learn that your father is sick at Lakeville, under your mother's care. I don't think his trouble is physical so much as mental. If, by your help, his reputation is vindicated, and he is relieved from suspicion, I am sure he will soon be himself again.

There is some risk, no doubt, in the step he has taken. He might be denounced and arrested if information were given to the authorities. But a long time has elapsed since the charge was made, and no one in Lakeville was cognizant of the circumstances except Albert Marlowe, and though he may learn that the city boarder at your house is your father, I cannot believe he would be so base as to give a hint to the authorities. If he should, the letter of Ralph Harding's which you forwarded will throw suspicion upon him. I am anxious, however, to have you find the man himself, as his oral testimony will avail more than any letters. You may assure him, if found, that he will be liberally dealt with, if he helps clear your father.

I don't know how you may be situated as to money, and I therefore send you an order for fifty dollars. Present it to Clement Green, of No. 131-2 La Salle Street, and he will cash it. He is not a banker, but an insurance agent, with whom I am well acquainted. I am glad to hear that you have left the stage, as it will permit you to devote your entire time to hunting up Ralph Harding.



On account of the income from his dramatic engagement, Bert had spent but little of his uncle's money for the last three weeks. However, he thought it best to cash the order at once, as he might have unforeseen expenses. He accordingly made his way to the office on La Salle Street to which he had been directed, and presented his order to Mr. Green in person, who paid the money without hesitation.

Bert borrowed an envelope, and put all his money, except about ten dollars in small bills, in the inside pocket of his vest.

Outside the office a young man of rather flashy appearance had noticed Bert, and, following him in on some pretext that would avert suspicion, had seen that Mr. Green was paying him money. He went out quickly, and waited till Bert emerged into the street. He then quickened his steps, and overtook him.

"Good-morning, young man," he said.

"Good-morning," returned Bert, eyeing the stranger with some curiosity.

"You must excuse the liberty I have taken in addressing you, but if you will favor me with a few minutes' conversation, I think I can make it worth your while."

"Very well. I am ready to hear what you have to say."

"By the way, are you staying at a hotel?"

"No; I am boarding on Mourree Street."

"Is it a good boarding-house?"

"Excellent."

"I am looking for one, and if you will allow me, I will walk around with you, and see what it is like."

Bert knew that Mrs. Shelby had a room which she was anxious to let, and he readily agreed to introduce the stranger.

"I am staying at a hotel just now," explained his companion, "but I prefer a boarding-house as more home-like. Are you a stranger in the city?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where from?"

"From New York."

"I am from San Francisco. I have only been here a week."

They conversed upon indifferent topics till they reached Mrs. Shelby's.

"I will go up and take a look at your room first, if you don't mind. That will give me an idea of the accommodations."

"Very well, sir."

Bert led the way to his own room, and both entered.

"Very neat, on my word," said the stranger. "Now I will allude to the little matter of business—and then you can introduce me to your landlady."

"Just as you please, sir."

"It is briefly this. Do you see this watch?"

He took out a showy gold watch, and held it up before Bert.

"I find myself unexpectedly short of funds, owing to the failure of a remittance to come to hand, and I am going to offer you this watch at a bargain. You have none, I see."

"No, and I have no money to spare to buy one."

"Wait till I offer you an inducement. This watch cost me a hundred dollars. I have had it only six months. I offer it to you for twenty-five."

"I presume that is a good offer; but I have no money of my own that I can use for the purpose of buying a watch."

"My young friend, it will pay you to borrow, for you can double your money on the watch. Any one will give you fifty for it."

"Then why do you offer it to me for twenty-five?" asked Bert shrewdly.

"Because I can't wait to hunt up a customer."

"I cannot buy it."

"Then I will make you another offer. Lend me ten dollars on it, and I will redeem it in three days, and give you five dollars for the accommodation."

Bert hesitated. It seemed an easy way of earning five dollars.

"If I don't redeem it, you have the watch itself for security for a ridiculously small sum. Of course I shan't give you the chance, if I can help it. I expect funds from San Francisco to-morrow."

"I think I shall have to decline," Bert said after a pause; "but your offer seems a good one, and I have no doubt you will easily get accommodated elsewhere."

Bert was not prepared for the next movement.

The stranger rose from his seat, drew a sponge from

his pocket, and quickly applied it to Bert's nostrils. He felt his head swimming and consciousness departing.

"Aha!" thought the stranger. "My prudent young friend will advance money this time without security."

He hastily thrust his hand into Bert's pocket, drew out his pocket-book, and without stopping to open it or examine its contents, sprang to the door, with the intention of making his escape.

But another boarder chanced to be passing through the entry at the moment. A quick glance revealed to him Bert unconscious on a chair, and the pocket-book in the hand of the man who was leaving the room. He took in the situation at once.

"Give me that pocket-book," he said sternly.

The other looked undecided.

"Give it to me, or I will hold you and summon help. If you surrender it, I will let you go scot free."

The thief muttered an execration, but did not dare to refuse.

The boarder entered the room and set himself to reviving Bert.

"Where am I?" asked Bert languidly.

"You are all right now," was the reply.

Bert looked up in the face of his visitor, and started in great excitement.

"Tell me, quick," he said, "are you not Ralph Harding?"

"Yes," answered the other in great surprise. "Who are you that recognizes me?"

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

### RALPH HARDING IS FOUND.

Bert was still partly under the influence of chloroform; but the sight of Ralph Harding, whom he recognized from the photograph which had been given him, roused him from his stupefaction.

Harding repeated his question.

"Who are you?" he asked, "and how do you know me?"

"I am Bert Barton."

"What? not the son of John Barton?" exclaimed Harding, drawing back with a troubled look.

"Yes," answered Bert gravely; "I am the son of John Barton, and I have been in search of you for several weeks."

"You have been in search of me? Why did you want to see me?"

"I want you to clear my father of the false charge which was brought against him ten years ago," answered Bert firmly.

"I don't understand what you mean," stammered Harding, who had sunk back into a chair and was eyeing Bert with a troubled look.

"Oh, yes, you do, Mr. Harding. It was you who gave information that one of the stolen bonds was in my father's overcoat pocket."

"It was true," said Harding, doggedly.

"Where were the rest?" asked Bert pointedly.

"How should I know? Your father had them secreted somewhere, I suppose."

"You know better than that. My father was innocent. He knew nothing of the bonds. An enemy plotted to get him into trouble."

"Do you charge me with being that enemy?" demanded Harding.

"You had something to do with it, but you were the instrument of another."

"How do you know that?" admitted Harding incautiously.

"Shall I tell you the name of that other?"

"Yes."

"It is Albert Marlowe."

Ralph Harding started in surprise.

"Does he admit it?" he asked after a pause.

"No; he does not know that it is suspected. I want you to back me up in the demand that he clear my father from suspicion."

"He will never do it. How could he, without criminating himself?"

"Whatever be the result, my father's character must be cleared."

"Tell me, is your father still living?" asked Ralph Harding earnestly.

"Yes, he is."

"Have you seen him?"

"Yes. Poor father, he has suffered much. He has been separated from my mother and myself these many



years, and has not dared to show himself at his old home, or among his old friends, because he was liable to be arrested on the old charge."

Ralph was looking down upon the floor, and his features were working convulsively. Bert guessed what was passing through his mind, and paused to give him time.

He looked up after a while, and asked:

"What would you have me do?"

"Testify to what you know. It will clear my father, and he can come home once more."

"But it will condemn Albert Marlowe."

"Why not let it? He is the guilty man. Have you so much reason to like Albert Marlowe that you will not do this act of justice?"

"No," Ralph Harding burst out, and his face wore an expression of resentment. "He has used me like a dog. It was through me that he became a rich man, and in return he has treated me with contempt and indifference. If I dared—"

"You would expose him."

"Yes, I would. It is of no use to deny what you have said. Your father is an innocent man. The bonds were stolen by Albert Marlowe."

Bert looked triumphant. He had wrung the truth from the accomplice of Squire Marlowe.

"How did you find me?" asked Harding abruptly.

"How did you know I was in Chicago?"

"I was told so by your sister."

"Have you been in Peoria, then?" asked Harding, in great surprise.

"Yes; I was there last week."

"But how did you find out that I had a sister?"

"At Harrisburg. You left a letter from your sister at your boarding-house there, which gave me the clew I wanted."

"And how did you trace me to Harrisburg?"

Bert explained.

"And you defrayed your own expenses? I thought you and your mother were left in poverty?"

"So we were; but an uncle of my mother's recently returned from California, and it is he who has supplied me with the funds needed for my journey."

"Then he is wealthy?"

"I don't think so. He is employed in New York on a small salary, but he is liberal with the little he has. He has set his heart on clearing my father's reputation. It is he who sent me on my present mission."

"Does your father think that Albert Marlowe is the real thief?"

"He does. In fact, he is firmly convinced of it. Now, Mr. Harding, I have told you why I wanted to find you. You have as much as told me I am right in my suspicion. You are partly responsible for my poor father's undeserved sufferings. But for you he would never have been charged with the crime. Is it not so?"

"I admit it," Ralph Harding answered slowly.

"Will you tell me who put the bond into my father's pocket?"

"I did."

"And who prompted you to do it?"

"It was the man you suspected—Albert Marlowe."

"It was the proceeds of his theft that enabled him to start in business, was it not?"

"You are right."

"I have no more questions to ask. Will you accompany me to New York and testify to this, if needful?"

"But what will happen to me?" asked Harding, troubled.

"My uncle bade me promise you that we will do our utmost to prevent your coming to harm. As to Albert Marlowe, we shall demand a confession from him, or we shall have him arrested, and the whole matter investigated."

Ralph Harding paused for a brief space, and then said:

"What are your plans if I agree to help you?"

"To start for New York to-night," answered Bert promptly. "In New York I will take you to Uncle Jacob's office, and we will decide what to do next."

Harding hesitated a moment, then said:

"I believe you will keep our promise, and I will put myself in your hands. I always liked your father better than Albert Marlowe, who is a very selfish man, and he has not kept his promises to me. I have reproached myself more than once for consenting to help Marlowe in his plot. It has never been out of my mind. I have

been restless, unable to settle down anywhere, and have suffered punishment myself, though not as severe as has fallen upon your father. When I have made reparation, as I now have a chance to do, I shall be more contented in mind."

"Can you be ready to take the evening train with me?"

"Yes." "Where are you living?"

"In this house."

"Then we can remain together. I have not thanked you yet for coming to my help, and saving my money."

"I am glad to have helped the son. It will help offset the injury I have done the father."

Bert, accompanied by Ralph Harding, took the evening train for New York. Their arrival was timely, for reasons which will be shown in a later chapter.

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

### ALBERT MARLOWE MEETS HIS VICTIM.

When Albert Marlowe learned from Percy that Mrs. Barton had a male boarder, his fears instantly suggested that it might be John Barton.

To find out who the boarder was, Albert Marlowe got into the habit of walking two or three times a day past the cottage of Mrs. Barton, in the hope of seeing the mysterious stranger. He did this for several days, but did not succeed in his object. The reason was that Mr. Barton was confined by weakness first to the bed, and then to the lounge in the little sitting-room.

But on the fifth day Squire Marlowe was in luck. The mysterious boarder was walking to and fro in the front yard attached to the cottage. When he saw Albert Marlowe he turned away, and was about to re-enter the house.

Without hesitation the squire opened the gate and entered the yard.

Meanwhile John Barton, seeing that he was recognized, coming to a halt, and, turning around, faced the man who had been his bitter enemy.

Squire Marlowe came up and stood at his side.

"You are John Barton," he said. "Do not attempt to deny it."

"I do not propose to deny it to you—Albert Marlowe," answered Barton, calmly.

"You are here under an assumed name. I was told that Mrs. Barton's boarder was named Robinson."

"I am passing under that name. You know why."

"Yes, I do know why. You are under the ban of the law. You are afraid of being arrested and brought to trial a second time."

"I know there is danger of it, and of course I shrink from it."

"Then why do you come here? Are you mad?"

"After ten years I wished to see my wife once more. I am a sick man. I came to her to be nursed back to health."

"Take care, or when you leave here it will be for a less desirable boarding-place," said the squire in a menacing tone.

"You mean the prison?"

"Yes; that is what I mean."

"No one in Lakeville knows who I am. Why should I fear?"

"I know."

"Surely you would not betray me—you, the man who worked for years at my side?"

"I cannot compromise with crime. It is my duty as a good, law-abiding citizen, to denounce you to the authorities."

"Albert Marlowe," said John Barton sternly, "one of us two is a thief, but I am not the one."

"Do you mean to insult me?" exclaimed the squire, white with anger, not unmingled with uneasy fear.

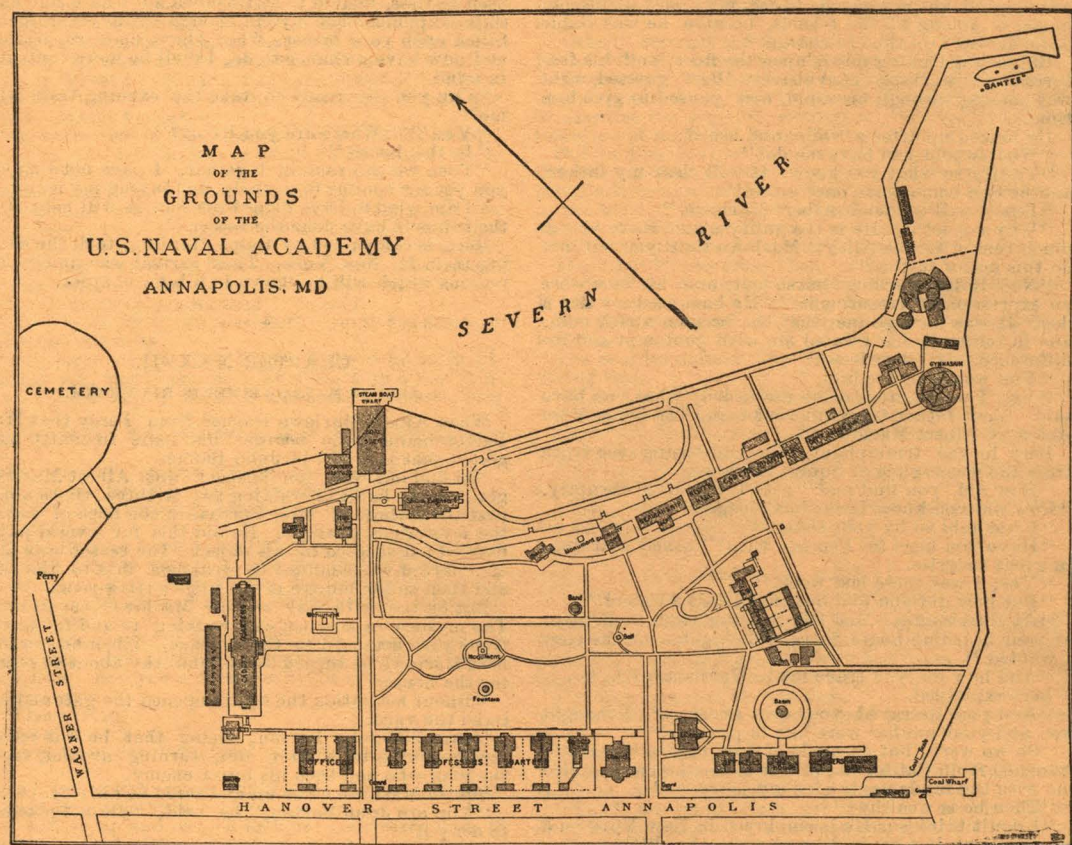
"Come in, I have something to say to you. It is better said indoors, where no passer-by can hear it."

Mechanically Squire Marlowe followed John Barton into the little sitting-room. Mrs. Barton looked up from her rocking-chair in surprise and apprehension, and half rose.

"Stay where you are, Mary," said her husband. "I wish you to hear what I am about to say to Albert Marlowe."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]





## THE ANNAPOLIS NAVAL ACADEMY.

BY LIEUTENANT WALLACE JONES, U. S. N.

**N**ESTLING on an arm of the mighty Chesapeake Bay is the quaint old town of Annapolis, Md. It is a sleepy place, with crooked streets and colonial houses, and very little of the hum of traffic and toil.

It bears a national prominence, however, as the site of the Government Naval Academy. In 1845, the Hon. George Bancroft, then Secretary of the Navy, succeeded in founding a national school for the training of naval cadets. The project had been long in mind, but it was left to the energetic efforts of Secretary Bancroft to bring it to a successful consummation. A number of acres, deeded to the Government by Maryland, was taken possession of, and the school formally opened October 10, 1845, with Commander Franklin Buchanan as superintendent. Part of the land used is the site of old Fort Severn, the walls of which now form the foundation of the academy gymnasium. The beginning was, naturally, on a small scale, but wise management, and a fairly liberal policy on the part of the Government have made the United States Naval Academy a model in the eyes of the whole world. Foreign governments, recognize this fact to such an extent that they are eager to take advantage of the course of study by sending pupils to the school. A glance at the above map will

explain the great scope of the grounds. Buildings devoted to every conceivable branch of nautical training can be found there. Complete plants for the learning of steam engineering form a prominent feature. Chemical laboratories, departments of physics, seamanship, astronomy, navigation, physical training, the higher grades of school studies and many others have their respective places. The site is extremely healthy, the quarters very good, and the life of the cadets an ideal one. The situation of the academy—on the Severn River almost within view of Chesapeake Bay—permits the application of considerable time to boat manoeuvres. A regular flotilla of small craft is maintained and boat drill forms a large part of the weekly course of practical instruction. There are two cruising vessels attached to the academy—the *Monongahela*, an old wooden sailing vessel, and the *Annapolis*, a splendid little gunboat recently launched. Each summer certain classes of cadets make a three months' cruise in these vessels, and it can well be imagined that this feature of the life is duly appreciated by them. The academy athletic teams are not unknown to fame, and their prowess on the diamond and field can be vouched for by many rival colleges. Taking it all in all there are worse places on earth than the Annapolis Naval Academy, and worse positions than that of a naval cadet.



## IN THE FIRST WATCH.

By NAVAL CADET OGDEN PAYNE, U. S. N.



THICK squally evening off the Cape of Good Hope, with a freshening wind and every appearance of a dirty night, and over the tumbling sea the man-of-war Truxton plunging along, making the best of her way toward Cape Town. Noting a nasty look about the weather, the skipper had ordered topsails to be reefed at evening quarters, then resetting t'gallant sails over all, there was the ship snug for the night.

It is the first watch: two bells (9 P.M.) have been struck, and the "rounds" gone. The vessel is in charge of the second lieutenant, who had joined about six months previously to fill a death vacancy from fever on the gold coast.

As for the crew, the boatswain's mate a while ago bawled "Out pipes," and the watch below have dropped into squads on the forecabin for a parting chat before being piped down half an hour hence.

In this way the reader is introduced to Tom Hodge, captain of the foretop, and his chum, Jack Musters, who lounge against a gun-carriage, and discuss in undertones the chances of getting into port, while they anticipate the delights of fresh meat, soft tack, and a run ashore on leave. The officer of the watch hasn't done with the maintop yet, and his voice falling at intervals upon the ears of the chums, Musters at length remarks:

"He's giving us a spell off to-night, Tom, but not for long, I expect; our turn will come presently, you see. We used to rub along all square, but you don't seem to do anything right now, eh?"

"No, and never shall, I'm afraid," rejoined Hodge moodily. "I shall have to keep my lamps well trimmed to scrape through the commission at all; he's got his knife into me, and intends to pay off an old score."

"How's that?" exclaimed Musters, almost with a start. "You were never shipmates before!"

"Ah, that was a slip, but perhaps I had better make a clean breast of it now, topmate; it can't do any harm that I see, and may help me some day if things come to the worst—only keep it dark, chum. So here goes:

"As you say, we were never shipmates, but we know each other pretty well, worse luck! The fact is, we both hail from the same village, where his father was the parson; mine leased a small farm from the rich owner, and I helped the pater. The keeper at the park had a daughter about my own age, and as the farm duties often led me past the lodge, Fanny Field and I became intimate, and the end of it was I fell in love. Fanny liked me, too, I thought; but she never wanted for a suitor, and, like most pretty girls, she was perhaps just a trifle vain; so when the second luff came home from China, and was promoted to mate on paying off, I rather fancy he wasn't frowned upon for admiring the charming young woman who, five years before, as a slip of a girl, had often passed him through the lodge gates on his visits to the farm.

"There was nothing serious in it, I daresay, but Fanny felt flattered to receive little attentions from one above her station of life. Of course, I didn't like it at all, but I could find no opportunity of putting my spoke in until one day at some rural sports, where I had been successful in the boxing competition. Perhaps it was this that emboldened me to hint pretty plainly to the mate that it wasn't like a gentleman to come philosophizing about with other men's sweethearts. McNabs at first seemed taken flat aback at my interference, then he flushed up; but not wishing, I suppose, to make a scene, he passed it off with a forced laugh.

"That same evening we fell across each other accidentally in the fir plantation. I was for passing on home, but wishing me an ironical good-night, he added a mocking allusion to young country lovers, and I could think of nothing better at the moment than to tell him he would be best off to sea again, whereupon he raised his riding whip menacingly, but I bounced in, wrenched it out of his grasp, and flung it over the hedge. He was plucky enough, I fancy, but I knew that if it came to fisticuffs I should knock seven bells out of him and damage his figurehead—he had seen me in the afternoon at the sports, you know. So, after slanging

each other a bit, we sheered off without coming to close quarters.

"Fanny was mortified at the turn of affairs, and would not speak to me. Partly on that account, partly because farming didn't pay, and it seemed a poor look-out trudging alongside a cart all my days, I determined to leave the plowtail and go to sea myself. Then Fanny came round; we made it up and became engaged; but I stuck to my guns about going to sea, so it was not till after four years and more that we got spliced, and started housekeeping with a bit of prize-money I picked up on the Brazilian station. As for the mate, I never clapped eyes on him again after that evening on the plantation—night upon ten years ago now—until he came over the side to join us at Lagos. I knew the cut of his jib at once; by the same token he recognized me, and I felt sure there were breakers ahead."

A pause ensued, then Musters remarked:

"Why, Tom, it all sounds like what you read of in stories! Now I see why he's down on you. But cheer up, old fellow, let's hope things will turn out all right. Any way, I'll stand by you, topmate, and remember what you've told be."

After the above recital there was silence between the chums; both appeared to fall into reverie, out of which they were at length aroused by peremptory orders jerked out in quick succession, "Let go the life buoy!" "Away lifeboat's crew!" "Square the mainyard!"

Meantime Tom Hodge, divining it was a case of man overboard, with the hurried ejaculation, "Look after the yard, Jack," ran swiftly along the ship's waist, across the quarterdeck, mounted the stern rail, and plunging at once into the dark sea struck out vigorously in the direction of the life buoy's tiny beacon light. After a while he fancied he heard a faint cry for help, and ceased paddling to listen. Turning in the direction of the sounds, he gazed intently, but could make out nothing, when suddenly, while engulfed in the lowest trough of the waves, he caught a glimpse of what looked like an arm convulsively shooting up against the sky-line. Raising an encouraging cheer, he spurted forward and reached the cast away, who was struggling in extremity, and on the point of going under. At the same time a glimmer of radiance from the life buoy shot athwart the waves and revealed the pallid features of the officer of the watch.

Hodge by this time found himself a good deal fagged, and thought it best to husband his remaining strength by supporting the sufferer rather than exhaust himself by attempting to reach the buoy, though that was not far off. Already he could hear the coxswain urging the rowers: "Give way, boys; put your backs into it!" and the oars rattling in the rowlocks as the lifeboat's crew responded with a will. Oh, the strain of those terrible five minutes before the boat came up! But come up at last she did, and her crew, quick to take in the state of affairs, let off such a hearty "Hurrah!" for their brave ship-mate that they heard and answered it aboard the frigate, hove to nearly a mile away. The lieutenant, whether dead or alive, it was hard to tell, was lifted into the stern sheets, and Tom Hodge ditto.

All's well that ends well—and that is how this story ends. Hodge received an ovation for his pluck. It was touch-and-go with the officer of the watch, for he struck something in falling overboard, and was dangerously injured. For a long time he hovered fitfully between life and death, but eventually he pulled through, though obliged to go about with a silver plate in his head. On becoming convalescent and learning who was his rescuer, he sent for him to his cabin. What passed between them nobody ever knew; but even the second-class boys could see the lieutenant was a changed man. No longer the harassing officer, he became sympathetic to all, and thenceforward took a special interest in Hodge's welfare. When he was appointed to a command of his own, Tom Hodge went with him, got his warrant first chance—it was all cut and dried, you know—and continued to be the skipper's right-hand man for years, ship after ship, until the captain went on the retired list with a pension for wounds.



# EDITORIAL CHAT

## GREETING!

This number, the first issue of the Army and Navy Weekly, is respectfully submitted to your consideration. We state at the very start that we have no fear of its reception. We are fully confident that the boys of the United States, to use an every-day expression, know a good thing when they see it. The Army and Navy Weekly is a "good thing" for many reasons. It is clean, bright and wholesome. It has an artistic cover very pleasing to the eye. It contains more reading matter than any similar juvenile publication. It has a greater variety of stories, and a better class of contributors than can be found anywhere else. In fact, it is the triumphant outcome of months of costly experiments and painstaking efforts.

\* \* \*

The Army and Navy Weekly is simply the result of a pertinent question. The publishers asked themselves, "Why cannot modern methods, up-to-date ideas, improved machinery and push be applied to a juvenile publication as well as to an adult magazine?" They did not stop at asking the question, but went ahead to prove that such a thing was possible. They called into use modern methods, improved machinery and push, and now they place the result before the reading juvenile public.

\* \* \*

It has been the custom of publishers for too long a period to treat boys as mere children. And to think that anything is good enough for them simply because they are boys. It has become a fatal mistake, as many publishers have found to their cost. They now realize that even a boy has taste and discrimination. And that it is really worth while to give him what he wants.

\* \* \*

That is where the publishers of the Army and Navy Weekly come in. They have entered the field with a publication unsurpassed in any feature. This is no idle boast, as a glance through the present number will prove. But that is not all. This issue is the first issue—mark that well in your mind! It is only a beginning, as it were. There are better features in view, better stories and more of them. It is like the beginning of any publication—small at first and with plenty of room for improvement. The Army and Navy Weekly is the monarch of juvenile publications now, but it will be doubly a monarch—in fact a whole royal family—before many months have passed.

\* \* \*

What do we give you now? Or, to put it in other words—what don't we give you now? Have you ever before been offered a greater variety of fascinating reading matter? If your inclinations run toward stories of West Point life you have one written by a well-known army officer, himself a graduate of the "Point," whence Grant and Lee and Sherman, and a host of others marched to fame. If you prefer tales of the naval academy, with its pranks and salty air, and tinge of the romantic ocean, you have them, also by a grad-

uate. If you desire stories of adventure in the wild West or in the close confines of city life you can find them in the pages of the Army and Navy Weekly. That is our boast—a greater variety of interesting stories for less money than is offered in any other publication.

\* \* \*

All these features are to be permanent—that is the best part of it. There will be a series of West Point stories, a series of Naval Academy tales, and four or more serials constantly running. Not to mention the short stories, sketches, special articles by competent writers, departments, contests, etc., etc., specially designed for the publication. Just think it over, then frankly acknowledge to yourself that the "boy" has at last secured his just dues—a splendid, up-to-date weekly, artistic, attractive, well printed and replete with fascinating stories. And all for five cents.

\* \* \*

If you have not already seen the complimentary letters from General Miles and Rear Admiral Gherardi, published on the cover of this number, turn back and read them. They will do you good. They will increase your patriotism and make you feel that the starry flag—Old Glory—waves over the greatest country on God's footstool. The names of these two distinguished friends of the Army and Navy Weekly are household words among the American people. One is now at the head of the military forces of the Republic—the General in command of the United States Army—and the other was only recently retired after over fifty years of active service in the navy. They write from long experience, and it is an honor to us to publish their letters. It is also an honor to you to read them.

\* \* \*

The serial stories now running in this publication were commenced in Street and Smith's Good News. They were secured from that firm through the combination of the two weeklies. They are splendidly written tales and we commend them to your notice. A synopsis of each is published for the benefit of new readers. As a foretaste of the many treats in store for our readers we take pleasure in announcing that we have secured the exclusive right to publish in this country everything from the pen of the well-known writer of juvenile stories, William Murray Graydon. We have now in hand one of his very best serials. It is entitled "In Forbidden Nepal. A Story of the Kingdom of Mystery." The opening chapters will be published in No. 3 Army and Navy Weekly. Further details concerning it will be given next week.

\* \* \*

In closing this, our first week's chat with our friends we wish to state that this department is at their command. We extend a cordial invitation to all to write us on any subject of interest to them. Any advice requested concerning future occupations or professions will be gladly given. And now, as a final word, don't you think you can safely recommend the Army and Navy Weekly to your acquaintances? You know what it offers and what it gives. You can make no mistake in calling the attention of your friends to it.



## Correspondence.

(The answers published in this number of Army and Navy Weekly are in reply to letters sent to Good News.)

K. J. O. X., Anoka, Minn.—It does not take many words to tell "how self-made men are made." The secret is honesty, perseverance, and self-sacrifice. Practice this combination and you will succeed.

T. H., Eagle Pass, Tex.—It would take too much space to describe in detail the manufacture of the negatives, and then you would not be in a position to make them to advantage. It is much cheaper to buy the plates from a regular photographic supply store.

C. E. P., Charlottesville, Va.—The life of a lighthouse keeper is about the most lonesome life you could have selected. Just imagine being shut up in a tower about a mile or more from land, with only one or, perhaps, two persons to converse with for weeks at a time.

H. M., Shiloh, Ohio—The only way to secure a position in an office in New York or Brooklyn is to watch the want advertisements in the New York daily papers, or else get some friend in the city to do it for you. We do not think you would be satisfied, as office work in the larger cities does not amount to much. It would be better for you to remain at home and learn a trade or a profession.

R. C. D., Janesville, Wis.—Hard work will never diminish the growth of a boy, unless he is of a puny build or is afflicted with some organic trouble. On the contrary, it will make him stronger in both mind and body, and better fit him for his life-work. His labor, however, should be varied with healthful recreation, as otherwise the development of his intellect will not keep pace with that of his muscles.

Soap Bubbles, Buffalo, N. Y.—Your first question was answered in a general way some time ago, and you, no doubt, have seen it. 2. Bunions may be cured, it is said, by applying iodine freely twice a day with a feather. 3. Rub the lips with cold cream or glycerine once a week in winter and avoid biting or moistening them if you desire to keep them from chapping.

P. J. D., Auburn, N. Y.—1. Point the camera in the direction of the object to be photographed. 2. Yes, the closet or room where you operate must be perfectly light tight. Not a ray of white light must enter. A ruby or orange colored light must only be used. 3. Load the box or plate holders in the dark room. 4. The druggist will answer this question much better than we can. 5. Over fifty thousand. 6. The leaves must be dry.

A. B. C., New York—All schools teach composition. It is not necessary to have a teacher to instruct you in composition. What you need is practice. Read an article in the daily newspaper and then try to write what you have read. You need not write it word for word, but write it so as it will make sensible reading, then branch out and write up some event that you have witnessed, describe a section of the city you are familiar with, the character, nationality, and class of people who live there, the principal buildings and who occupy them.

K. L. G., New York—Read books of travel and any others containing information that may prove of profit to yourself or any one with whom you may come in contact, and keep well acquainted with current events by careful scrutiny of the newspapers and magazines. In this way you will become possessed of such a fund of information that no trouble will be experienced in finding subjects for conversation while in the company of ladies and gentlemen. As you grow older, and become better acquainted with the usages of society, the feeling of bashfulness and want of confidence will disappear.

Ignoramus, Pittsburg, Pa.—1. Spelling, grammar, reading, arithmetic, writing, and history are the principal studies to master. If you are perfect in these you will be well able to fill almost any position. Other studies are only fancy trimmings or ornaments, and seldom put to practical purposes except in professions. 2. You can educate yourself to a certain extent by reading and studying the above books. 3. Your handwriting and composition of letter are very good, indeed, especially for one who signs himself "Ignoramus." You are too modest, and only imagine that you are destitute of all knowledge. Brace up.

## Jokes and Jokelets.

## Not Flattered.

Visitor—"What makes you so ugly, Tommy? Don't you love your new baby brother?"  
Tommy (viciously)—"Well, I did till somebody came in and said he looked like me."

## Very Awkward.

Little Dick—"Seems to me the older folks grow the more awkward they get."  
Mamma—"Why so?"

Little Dick—"I can strap sister's skates on in two minutes, but it takes Mr. Nicefellow about half an hour."

## Two Blowers.

Englishman (in British Museum)—"This book, sir, was once owned by Cicero."

American Tourist—"Pshaw! That's nothing. Why, in one of our American museums we have the lead pencil that Noah used to check off the animals as they came out of the ark."

## A Smart German.

A sharp agent for a firm of clock and watch makers called on a German recently and endeavored to sell him an eight-day clock.

"My dear sir," said the commercial traveler, "this is a remarkable clock. It is not only beautiful, but it is most useful. Why, this clock will run eight days with-

## Engaging Them Wholesale.

Two Irishmen went on a tramp to look for work. On arriving at the mouth of a coalpit when the cage was coming up full of colliers, they looked astonished. One of them said to the other:

"Be jabbers, Pat, we shall get no work here in this country, as they are drawing men out of the earth as they want them."

## A Rapid Writer.

"So you are a rapid shorthand writer?"

"Yes, sir."

"I should think it would be difficult to take down everything a speaker says."

"It's not hard when you understand it. I was reporting a speech the other day, and I thought I would see how fast I could report, and, believe me, none of the speakers could follow me."

## The Difference.

Scholar—"What's the difference between twice twenty-five and twice five-and-twenty?"

Interval of three hours, during which teacher uses up nineteen pencils and seven quires of paper in "working it out."

Teacher—"There's no difference at all."

Scholar—"Isn't there? Twice twenty-five's fifty. Twice five's ten, and twenty's thirty."

## Had Him There.

A certain captain had on board his ship a number of cats, of which he was very fond. A passenger, who by no means shared this predilection for the feline race, made no secret of his views on the subject, as often happened, when the skipper's pets came purring round like little harmoniums at breakfast-time.

"I suppose, captain," he said, with infinite sarcasm in his tone, "if provisions ran short, you would feed your crew on cats?"

"Not while there were any passengers left!" was the unexpected reply.

## Why Adam Was Never a Baby.

A Sunday-school superintendent at the close of an address on the creation, which he was sure he had kept within the comprehension of the least intelligent of the scholars, smilingly invited questions.

A tiny boy, with a white, eager face and large brow, at once held up his hand.

"Please, sir, why was Adam never a baby?"

The superintendent coughed in some doubt as to what answer to give, but a little girl of nine, the eldest of several brothers and sisters, came to his aid.

"Please, sir," she said smartly, "there was nobody to nurse him."





## TORMONS TABLETS

cure all disorders of the Liver, Stomach, and Bowels, Headache, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Biliousness, Dizziness; Clears the Complexion, Increases the Appetite, Tones the System, and is a Sure Remedy for Depression of Spirits, General Debility, Kidney Complaints, Nervousness, Sour Stomach, Disturbed Sleep, etc.

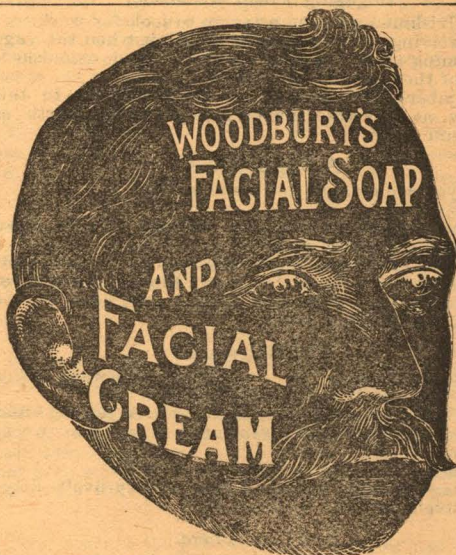
PRICE, 25 CENTS PER BOTTLE.

These tablets are sugar-coated and pleasant to take. One tablet gives quick relief. *Sample free.*

Address TORMONS CHEMICAL CO., 2, 4, 6, 8 Duane St.

NEW YORK.

Mention Army and Navy Weekly.



Made by JOHN H. WOODBURY, Dermatologist, who has had 26 years' experience treating the skin, scalp and complexion. Sold everywhere.

Superfluous Hair, Pimples, Freckles, Moles, Skin Diseases, and all Facial Blemishes permanently removed, at the

**John H. Woodbury Dermatological Institute,**

New York, 127 W. 42d St.; Boston, 11 Winter St.; Philadelphia, 1306 Walnut St.; Chicago, 155 State St.

Send 10 Cents for a sample of either Woodbury's Facial Soap or Facial Cream, with illustrated book on Beauty and treatment of the skin. Mention Army and Navy Weekly.

## FREE!

We give every girl or woman one of our rolled gold-filled solitaire Puritan rose diamond rings, solid gold pattern for disposing of 20 packages of Garfield's Pepsin Gum among friends at 5 cents a package; simply send name; we mail gum; when sold send money and we mail ring which few can tell from a genuine \$75 diamond; we take gum back if you can't sell. GARFIELD GUM CO., Dept. 64, Meadville, Pa.

Mention Army and Navy Weekly.

## PLAYS

Dialogues, Speakers for School Club and Parlor. Catalogue free. T. S. DENISON, Publisher, Chicago, Ill.

Mention Army and Navy Weekly.

BUILT WITH  
"Anchor Blocks."



Write for FREE descriptive circular about the above  
**GREAT EDUCATIONAL  
STONE TOY BLOCKS**  
to F. AD. RICHTER & Co., 215 Pearl Street, New York.

Mention Army and Navy Weekly.

## TEA SET <sup>56</sup> PIECES FREE

With \$10.00 orders of Teas, Coffees, Spices, etc. Great reduction in prices. Send for *New Premium* and Price List, etc.

**THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.,**

31 & 33 Vesey St., New York, N. Y. P. O. Box 289

Mention Army and Navy Weekly.

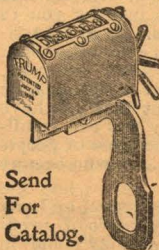


## BRASS BAND

Instruments, Drums, Uniforms, Equipments for Bands and Drum Corps. Lowest prices ever quoted. Fin. Catalog, 400 Illustrations, mailed free; it gives Band Music & Instructions for Amateur Bands.

LYON & HEALY, 35-37 Adams St. Chicago.

Mention Army and Navy Weekly.



Send  
For  
Catalog.

THE DAINTY

## Trumf Cyclometer

THE PERFECT WHEEL RECORDER,  
REGISTERS 10,000 MILES.

In a satin-lined leather case it makes a handsome gift for gentleman or lady.

The '97 model is highly finished and is made gold plated, sterling silver or nickel.

**The Waterbury Watch Co.**

WATERBURY, CONN.

Mention Army and Navy Weekly.



## FITZ-CORBETT FIGHT!

The wonderful VITAGRAPH shows this greatest modern contest exactly as it occurred by 100 snapshot photos, taken at the ring-side. Used as shown in cut, you get the fight from start to finish as on a \$100.00 Kinetoscope; also other subjects: The Kiss, Couches Couches, Skirt Dancer, Leap Frog, etc., 10 in all. Price, post-paid any subject 10c; each: 2 for 25c; full set (10) 75c; 15 for \$1.00. Send quick; big money selling them; large catalogue with each order. R. H. Lagersell & Bro., 65 CORTLANDT STREET, DEPT. No. 21 N. Y.

Mention Army and Navy Weekly.



Get a good brand of tobacco and with this nickel-plated machine you can make your own cigarettes at one-quarter the cost and just as nice, and avoid the injurious effects of poor cigarettes. Sample machine, complete, only 20 cents, or 3 for 50 cents, postpaid. Ill. Catalogue of Novelties free. C.E. MARSHALL, Lockport, N. Y.

Mention Army and Navy Weekly.





**ARTHUR SEWALL,**

*Editor of the Army and Navy Weekly.*



**WE** present to our readers this week an excellent portrait of Arthur Sewall who is widely known and admired in connection with the famous department "Short Talks With the Boys," conducted by him for many years in Good News. Mr. Sewall's invaluable advice to the boys, and his kindly personal traits, have endeared him to a large circle of juvenile readers. He is now in editorial charge of the *Army and Navy Weekly*.



# ARMY AND NAVY WEEKLY

48--LARGE MAGAZINE PAGES--48

The Brightest Juvenile Publication in Existence.

❖ ❖ ❖ ILLUMINATED ❖ COVER ❖ ❖ ❖

FOUR SERIAL STORIES BY THE BEST WRITERS.  
TWO COMPLETE NAVAL AND MILITARY  
STORIES. SKETCHES, SPECIAL ARTICLES, DE-  
PARTMENTS. ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖

ALL FOR FIVE CENTS.

Never before in the history of juvenile literature has a publisher offered so much for the money. Boys' weeklies in the United States have stood still until the advent of Army and Navy. It is a convincing proof of what a juvenile publication can be made when modern methods, improved machinery, and up-to-date ideas are used. This number is only a forerunner of the many bright things the publishers have in store for the readers of Army and Navy Weekly. Keep your eye on it. ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖

HOWARD, AINSLEE & CO.,

NEW YORK CITY.